

# THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 745.

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**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—PROFESSOR VIGNOLES' LECTURES ON RAILWAYS.**—On WEDNESDAY, 2nd instant, at 2 o'clock, Prof. Vignoles will deliver his INTRODUCTORY LECTURE to his Second Course, embracing the subjects of CIVIL ENGINEERING, in connection with the Internal Communications generally, and with Railways in particular; to be followed by about fifteen other Lectures, developing the principles and practice in the Designs and Constructions of Railways. Persons not being Students of the College are admissible to the Lectures.

The subsequent Lectures will be delivered on Wednesdays, from 7 to 9 P.M.  
Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.  
R. C. LATHAM, A.M. Dean of the Faculty of Arts.  
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary.  
2nd February, 1842.

**CHEMISTRY—EDINBURGH.—DR. REID.**  
Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, will begin his SPRING COURSE OF PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY, on Wednesday, February 2, 1842, in his Class Room, Rutherford-place.  
N.B.—These Courses qualify for the different Public Boards.  
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**PREPARATORY ESTABLISHMENTS for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, 21, NEW STONE, Brighton.**—MISS HODGSON, who has been long in the habit of instructing the girls who will OPEN SCHOOL on MONDAY, 7th instant. Prospects may be had at the School, and of the Rev. J. Hodgson, Seigate, Surrey.

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Morning Herald Offices, 103, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street.  
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**ON Saturday, the 29th, the King of Prussia** honoured His Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen with his gracious company to a *Dejeuner*. In the course of the morning the Chevalier Neukomm and Mr. Moscheles performed together on the Organ and Grand Piano-forte. His Majesty subsequently requested Mr. Moscheles to perform on the instrument, (one of Erard's, manufactured for the Royal Palace at Berlin,) and placed himself behind the chair of the Artist, who thus inspired, extemporized, and hit most happily on subjects which elicited from the august hearer his loud approbation.—The subjects introduced were 'God save the Queen,' being also the national air of Prussia; 'Robin Adair,' and, in conclusion, Handel's 'Hallelujah.'

**METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS,** with Eleven Maps and coloured Plans. The article on this subject from the *Watermaster Review*, No. 71, price 2s. H. Hooper, 13, Pall Mall East.

**GUY'S HOSPITAL.—THE GENTLEMEN** educated at Guy's Hospital, and their FRIENDS, will DINE together at the London Tavern, Bishopgate-street, on TUESDAY, the 22nd of February, 1842.  
THOMAS CALLAWAY, Esq. in the chair.

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## The Rhine.

By Victor Hugo. These two never sure writer more the Rhine that the river in paper artence; the times grow cielle—the by the ma aristical p still we ha that sees," toisford, pathetic, place,—so ured up what could though no turn pilgr reasoned hands of turesque sp grasp, so i 'Notre Da the whole have been should have is on a jou Tower—the ruin on wh —often as Bingen, cr baskets, pr out of the sweetest o grows hoar some speci untravelled the steame sack on h Irish party man steam in the cabi effecting a generalize vase, and cup and inaston delightful him of Par the tips of sonified. these two t up to the g the water river" flow "Fleuve du river descri potically, always on dramatical of the life From t reader, w earlier wo preface, li some new Poems, in in a myst bot, in lieu ing pages, Europe is dical docum matters of



LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

## REVIEWS

*The Rhine. Letters to a Friend. [Le Rhin, &c.]*  
By Victor Hugo. 2 vols. Paris, Delloye.

THESE volumes have sadly disappointed us. Never surely, at a first glance, seemed subject and writer more admirably fitted to each other, than the Rhine and Victor Hugo. We knew, indeed, that the river had been *be-travelled* by hundreds in paper and print, and by millions in bodily presence; that its legends were as well worn as the tunes ground out of the wandering Auvergnat's *vielle*—that its castles were all but rejected even by the manufacturers of picturesque chintz and artistic paper-hangings, as too hackneyed—still we had faith. Crabbe says, "It is the soul that sees." Of all the myriad visitors to Abbsford, there is hardly one, however unsympathetic, who did not find Tweed-land a haunted place,—so vividly had its traditions been conjured up by the author of 'Waverley.' And what could not Scott have done for the Thames, though not his own river, had it pleased him to turn pilgrim by its "silver tide"? What then, reasoned we, may not be looked for, at the hands of one so intensely penetrated by the picturesque spirit of antiquarianism,—so forcible in grasp, so impressive in manner, as the author of 'Notre Dame de Paris'? Had we, however, taken the whole question into consideration, we should have been spared much disappointment. We should have remembered what the Frenchman is on a journey. Often as we have crept up from the city of the Three Kings to the Mouse Tower—that unearthly-looking fragment of gray ruin on which no sunbeam ever seems to fall,—often as we have swept down from the quay at Bingen, crowded with its boatmen and its grape-baskets, past the Pfalz, that fortress crystallised out of the rock, and past the haunt of Lureley, sweetest of singers, inasmuch as Echo never grows hoarse; we have never failed to encounter some specimen as curious after its kind as the untravelled English holiday-keeper tramping the steamer's deck all day long, with his knapsack on his shoulders, or the good-humoured Irish party, bothered by the mysteries of German steam-boat cookery, and playing at cards in the cabin, to kill time!—some noisy Parisian affecting enthusiasm, anxious to instruct and generalize; self-possessed, self-engrossed, perverse, inapprehensive, and ignorant of all ways and customs but his own. A Frenchman is a delightful travelling companion—if you talk to him of Paris! Now Victor Hugo is national to the tips of his fingers—the pronoun "Moi" personified. In no solitary page or paragraph of these two thick volumes, has he given himself up to the genial, homely spirit of the Rhineland. The waters of "the exalting and abounding river" flow on to his ear, in the measures of 'Pleuve du Tage' and 'Ma Nacelle': and let him describe ever so brilliantly, or think ever so poetically, (and he does both,) his scenes have always one colour, his thoughts cannot, even dramatically, take the forms and bear the impress of the life of a stranger land.

From these few preliminary remarks, the reader, who is familiar with Victor Hugo's earlier works, will possibly expect to hear of a preface, like that to his 'Cromwell,' in which some new theory of art is developed, or to his Poems, in which noble thoughts are concealed in a mystical phraseology. Neither are here; but, in lieu of them, some two hundred concluding pages, in which a new view of the destinies of Europe is propounded. Portions of this appendical document, as illustrating French opinion on matters of great moment, we were almost tempted

to extract; but our readers, who would have expected neither philosophy nor politics, will be better satisfied with translation of the less speculative portion of the work. As if to justify the general character of M. Hugo ventured above, the introductory route from Paris to the Rhine, which occupies two-thirds of his first volume, has more life and colour than the rest of the itinerary. His notes on the old churches he passes are welcome—especially as coming from one, who has taken an active part in restoring and preserving the monuments of France. A scrap of antiquarian anecdote, ferreted out in the library at Meaux, is new to us:—

It is a strange fact, (he says) that Meaux had a theatre earlier than Paris—a real *salle de spectacle*, built in 1547 (according to a manuscript in the library of the place) resembling an antique circus, inasmuch as it was covered by a *velarium*, and a theatre of our own days, in being circled with boxes with keys, which were let to the inhabitants of Meaux. Mysteries were represented there. A certain Pascalus, from playing the part of The Devil, had the name affixed to him as surname. In 1562, he delivered the town to the Huguenots, and the year after, the Catholics hung him, partly because he had delivered up the town, partly because he was called *Le Diable*. Paris has now its twenty theatres; this town of Champagne not a single one. They say that this is a boast of Meaux—as if it were a matter of congratulation to be not Paris!

The touch of the *Place Royale* in the last *not* will hardly be overlooked. We are obliged to M. Hugo for his graphic and faithful paragraph on the abbey of Notre Dame de l'Epine—an architectural gem of beauty, betwixt Chalons and Sainte-Menehould which we have not seen honoured by any previous traveller. The kitchen of the inn in the latter mentioned town—dear to every student of the *Almanac des Gourmands*—has likewise its full homage. Ere we leave Champagne, we will paraphrase a passage of closely packed facts, which may not be unwelcome to those who have recently been following Miss Costello in our company:—

There is not a town, not a hamlet in Champagne, which has not features of its own. The greater parishes have a place in our history, the less, each its own morsel of tradition. Reims, which, has the cathedral of cathedrals, Reims baptized Clovis, after Tolbiac. Troyes was saved from Attila by Saint Loup, and beheld, in 878, what Paris did not see till 1804, a pope crowning an emperor in France—John the Eighth crowning Louis the Stammerer. It was at Attigny that Pepin, *Maire du palais*, held the court at which he made Gayferos, Duke of Aquitaine, tremble. It was at Andelot that the interview was held between Gontran, King of Burgundy, and King Childebert; Hincmar took refuge at Epernay, Abeldar at Provins, Eloisa at Paraclete. A council sat at Fismes. Langres beheld, during the Lower Empire, the two Gordians triumph, and, in the Middle Ages, its citizens destroy the seven formidable chateaux of Changey, of Saint Brion, of Neuilly-Coton, of Cobons, of Bourg, of Humes, and of De Pailly; Joinville concluded the league in 1584; Chalons defended Henri Quatre in 1591; St. Didier slew the Prince of Orange; Doulevant sheltered the Comte de Moret. \* \* Ligny-l'Abbaye, was founded by St. Bernard, in the domains of the Lord de Châtillon, to whom the Saint promised, by an authentic compact, as many furlongs in heaven as the Lord would give him on earth. Mouzon is the fief of the Abbey of St. Hubert, which every year sent to the kings of France six hunting hounds and six birds of prey for falconry. \* \* Chateau Porcien is the town given by the Constable of Châtillon to the Duke of Orleans; Bar-sur-l'Aube is the town which the King could neither sell nor alienate; Clairvaux had its turn like Heidelberg. \* \* Arconville has still the *cain* of the Huguenots, on which every passing peasant throws a stone. \* \* Vassy has been twice burnt, by the Romans in 211, and in 1544 by the Imperialists, as was Langres by the Huns in 351, and by the Vandals in 407, and Vitry by Louis the Twelfth, in

the twelfth century, and Charles the Fifth in the sixteenth. Sainte-Menehould is that noble capital of Argonne which, sold by a traitor to a Duke of Lorraine, Charles the Second, would not yield itself up; Casignan is the ancient Ivoy; Attila set up an altar at Pont-le-Roi; Voltaire has had a tomb at Romilly, &c. &c.

Once more, ere leaving France, we must make room for a night-piece, which is like a lost leaf from the 'Dernier Jour':—

The night was too dark when I entered Soissons (says our novelist) to admit of my finding there either Noviodunum or Suessonium. While waiting for the mail I contented myself with supping, and wandering round the gigantic tower of Saint Jean des Vignes, the profile of which was as sharply defined against the sky as if some scene-painter had traced it. I watched the stars appearing and disappearing through the rifts in this gloomy mass, as if it had been filled with bewildered tenants, coming up, going down, moving everywhere, with lights. As I was returning to the hotel, midnight struck. The whole town was as dark as the mouth of an oven. Suddenly a sound like a whirlwind came up a narrow street, till then as silent as the grave. It was the mail, which stopped at a few paces distance from my inn. There was just one place to spare; nothing could be better. These new mails are at once elegant and commodious—the passenger sits there as if in his own elbow chair, with his legs at ease, pillows on the right and left if he closes his eyes, and a large window before him, if he opens them. At the moment when I was about luxuriously to instal myself, an uproar, mingled with cries, sound of wheels, and tramping of horses' feet, broke out from the darkness of another little street, so strange, that, in defiance of the courier, who only allowed me five minutes, I ran thither as fast as I could. This was what I saw. At the foot of a huge wall, which wore that odious and chilling appearance peculiar to the walls of prisons, a low arched door, fortified with enormous locks, stood open; a few steps from this was stationed, betwixt two mounted *gens d'armes*, a melancholy looking vehicle, dimly seen in the thick darkness. Betwixt the wicket and the cart was struggling a group of four or five men, dragging thither a woman, screaming frightfully. A dull lantern, carried by a man who was lost in the shadow it cast abroad, threw a dismal light over the scene. The woman, a stout peasant, some thirty years old, was making a mortal resistance, crying, striking, scratching, biting; while ever and anon a gleam from the lantern fell upon her head, with its unbound hair, and its sinister features—a study for Despair! As I approached, the men, with a violent effort, and one single step, had forced her to the door of the vehicle. \* \* The man who had the light unfasted the locks, the door flew open, admitting a sudden view of the interior. It was divided into two parts. \* \* That to the left was empty, that to the right occupied. There, in the corner, half crouching, like some wild beast, half across the bench for want of knee-room, was a man, if man it could be called—a spectre, with a square visage, a flat head, large temples, and grizzled hair. His short, hairy, and stubborn limbs were clad in an old ragged pair of linen trousers and a wretched rug. His legs were tied fast by knot upon knot, which reached nearly as high as his garters. He had a *sabot* upon his right foot, his left was wrapt up in bloody bandages. This hideous being was quietly eating a piece of black bread. He paid no attention to what was passing round him; not looking from his meal even to see what companion in misery they were bringing him. With her head thrown back, she was still resisting the soldiers, who were forcing her towards the vehicle, crying vehemently, "I will not!—never! never!—kill me first!" She had not as yet seen the other. On a sudden, in the midst of her frenzy, she cast a glance into the carriage, and perceived in the shadow her frightful fellow-prisoner. At once her cries ceased—her knees knocked together—and turning away, every limb quivering, she had scarcely strength to cry, in a husky whisper, but with an expression of anguish I shall hear to my dying day "O! that man,!" \* \* An instant afterwards I was galloping down the road to Reims in an excellent carriage drawn by four excellent horses, thinking of that wretched woman,

and, with a pang of the heart, comparing my journey with hers!

So—

Tearful Grief and Laughter loud  
Walk, like two pilgrims, side by side.

—and for the sake of the strong human sympathies in the above travelling sketch, coloured as it is, for the sake of effect, we can excuse many of the French novelist's egotisms and pretensions, which make his book so dull. We must leave his letters on the Meuse, Liege, and Aix-la-Chapelle, by which route he approached the Rhine, to treat our readers with another night-piece less shocking, though not, of its kind, less remarkable. We are now fairly on the Rhine, and have crossed the bridge from Deuz, where M. Hugo took up his abode; "because," saith he, pompously, "it is better to see Cologne from Deuz, than to see Deuz from Cologne."

Once alone (he continues), I began to walk on, in search of the Cathedral, and expecting it at every street corner. But I did not know this entangled old town, and the shadows of evening had fallen heavily on its crooked streets. I am not fond of asking my way, so I wandered on for a long time by chance. At last, having ventured through a sort of gateway in a sort of court, ending, on the left, in a sort of corridor, I came suddenly out upon an open place of considerable size, now perfectly dark and deserted. There I saw a magnificent spectacle. Before me, in the witching twilight of evening, rose upon my sight, the centre of a crowd of low and fantastically-roofed houses, an enormous black mass, with pinnacles and belfries clustering round it: a little further—a bow-shot off—was set another mass, not so large, not so high, flanked at its four corners by four long towers attached to it, on the summit of which figured I know not what machine, in a strange attitude, like the gigantic plume upon a casque in front of some ancient donjon. \* \* \* This was the immense symbolical crane, which I saw the next day, bound and buckled with plates of lead, and which, from the top of its tower, proclaims to every passer by, that this unfinished temple shall be completed; that this trunk of a belfry and this trunk of a church, at present separated by so vast a gulph, shall one day be harmoniously united; that the dream of Engelbert de Berg, which became an edifice under Conrad de Hochsteden, shall, in an age or two, be the greatest cathedral in the world; that this incomplete Iliad is still hoping for Homers!

For a moment to interrupt this "parlous talk," we cannot think the reader has forgotten that far nobler and simpler strain of poetry touching this magnificent architectural fragment, given by our countryman, when he called it "a broken promise to God!"—But back, again, from Hood to Hugo:—

The church was shut. I approached the tower: its proportions are enormous. What I had taken for four towers at its four corners, proved merely the projections of the buttresses. Though the first story alone is completed, the mass stands already almost as high as the towers of Notre Dame de Paris. Should ever the spire, according to the plan, be set upon this monstrous pedestal, Strasbourg would be as nothing at its side. I doubt whether the belfry of Mechin itself, like this unfinished, covers the ground so amply and solidly. I have elsewhere remarked, that nothing is so like a ruin as a sketch. Already the briar, the saxifrage, the pelittory—all plants which delight in eating away cement, and in burying their suckers in the joints of stone-work—have laid siege to these venerable portals. Man has not completed his work of construction, but Nature's work of destruction is already begun. The silence of the place was unbroken: no one passed that way. I approached the portal as closely as I was permitted by the rich grate of iron of the fifteenth century which protects it, and I heard the peaceful murmuring of the night wind through these countless fairy forests, which thrive on every accessible portion of ancient ruins. A light, which appeared at a neighbouring window, touched, for one instant, a company of exquisite statues canopied by an arch—seated angels and saints, who were reading from a great book open on their knees, or, with upraised finger, were speaking and preaching. \* \* Admirable prologue

for a church, which is nothing other than The Word made marble, brass, and stone. The innocent masonry of the swallows' nests all round, had the effect of a corrective to the severity of this architecture!

At such a puerile conceit as the last—such a Palais-Royal *fantaisie* stuck up against one of the sublimest shrines of Christian art—we throw down the pen with a "Pshaw!" It was not by tricking them out with such tinsel prettiness, that our author gave life, meaning, and significance to the wood and stone of his own metropolitan cathedral. Daylight restored yet more of the Frenchman to himself; for, on a nearer inspection, he sees no very especial pre-eminence in this paragon of florid Gothic, and boldly ends by setting up the Cathedral of Beauvais as a rival to the shrine of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar! The Ibach House, at Cologne, where the exiled Mary of France expired on the 3rd of July, 1642, gives our author more legitimate occasion to indulge his national predilections by an historic reminiscence, and a *mot* touching Charles the First—who, it will be remembered, dislodged the Queen from England, at the instance of the Cardinal Minister. "I am grieved in this," says M. Hugo, "for the royal and melancholy author of the *Eikon Basilike*,"—adding, with a touch of fairness, which is also a touch of egotism, (certain past tragedies on English history not forgotten,) "and I cannot understand how a man who could be King in the face of Cromwell, could not be King in the face of Richelieu!"

But enough has probably been given to satisfy the reader's curiosity as to the quality and humour of these Rhine lucubrations. Bacharach furnishes one elaborate chapter; the ruined tower of Velnich another; the burning of an inn at Lorch, a third; in which the common incidents of a fire take a new and picturesque beauty from the morbidly-active fancy of our poet. He tells, too, in a subsequent portion of his letters, the legend of 'The Fair Pecopin,' in a delightful manner; and in four pages of unusual sprightliness, he corroborates Hood's metrical experience, which makes "Take care of your pocket," the motto of the Rhenish Guide-Book. But beyond what has been mentioned and adverted to, these volumes contain little matter for extract. Matter for thought is in them, though in quantities too small to insure them a large circulation among thinkers. In brief, Hugo has been nodding. Where is his "*Quiquengrogne*"?

*The English Language.* By R. G. Latham, Professor in University College, London. Taylor & Walton.

Those disposed to be critical, may object to the title of this work, as being vague, and therefore obscure. The preface, too, does not add much to our information. "With the results of modern criticism," says the author, "as applied to his native tongue, it is conceived that an educated Englishman should be familiar. To this extent the special details of the language are exhibited; and to this extent the work is strictly a grammar of the English language. But it is well known that the current grammarians and the critical philologists have long ceased to write alike upon the English, or, indeed, upon any other language. For this reason, the sphere of the work becomes enlarged, so that, on many occasions, general principles have to be announced, fresh terms to be defined, and old classifications to be remodelled." As far as we understand these sentences, we conceive them to indicate a design to present the reader with an English grammar, enlarged, illustrated, and methodized by the more recent discoveries of critical philology; and judging of the execution by such a standard, we do not find that it fulfils the conditions. It

is, indeed, neither a grammar, nor a comment upon a grammar. Neither is it an essay on the English language, nor entitled to any other appellation, involving the idea of a popular work. It is, in truth, a most learned and laborious inquiry into some of the more abstruse points in general grammar, and in that of the English language in particular; commencing with its historical descent and connexions, and including the causes of many of its leading peculiarities of structure and condition. By the word grammar, in ordinary parlance, is understood a collection of rules; whereas the work before us, so far as it has attained to the character of a well-ordered design, is a repertory of the reasons which are at the bottom of rules.

This imperfect enunciation of the preface and title-page we are inclined to attribute to a peculiarity in the mind from which it emanated: at least, we have found traces of a similar defect in the body of the work, in which the overwhelming multitude of details interferes with a clear exposition of general principles, such as the idle habits of modern readers lead them to require at the hands of an author. Either Professor Latham has fallen into that common error of the learned and the refined, the supposition that those things which are clear to themselves must be equally so to others; or he has himself failed in discovering the order and development of ideas necessary to rendering an obscure subject perfectly plain and intelligible. On this account we view this very valuable work rather as a collection for a philosophic grammar of the English language, than as a satisfactory essay towards its completion.

Such, however, as it is, it is the work of a scholar; and it embraces a series of facts, of which the ordinary grammarians of this country have seldom even a notion. It is the opening of a rich mine; and by making the reader acquainted with the mere contents of that mine, it may become the means of a vast revolution in the character of English learning: for the connexions between grammar and the higher departments of philosophy are of the most intimate kind; and the imperfect study of words is among the most pregnant causes of the existing imperfections of our knowledge of things.

Not only the nature of the volume, but the manner of its execution precludes the possibility of giving a succinct account of its contents, or of making a series of extracts having a mutual dependence and bearing on each other. The most that we can say is, that the book opens with an elaborate display of the *origines* of the English tongue, of the various languages which have contributed their portion to its formation. The second part enters into an investigation of "sounds, letters, pronunciation, and spelling." The third treats of etymology in its connexion with what are familiarly termed the accidents of the language; and it contains a vast assemblage of facts, forming the "scantlings" of a true and luminous theory of their origin and causation. Parts IV. and V. discuss the subjects of Syntax and Prosody.

Abstaining from any more minute analysis, we must also forego all detailed criticism. We may, however, be permitted to observe, that in the second part, which treats of sounds and letters, the author has laboured under a disadvantage, in his apparent unacquaintance with, or perhaps neglect of, anatomical and physiological considerations, which lie at the bottom of the mutability of particular letters, as well as of the unsteadiness of spoken language, personal, provincial, and historical. In preparing for a second edition, we earnestly recommend the Professor not to neglect this view of his subject.

Without further remark, we proceed to extract a few samples, illustrative of points the least



likely to prove dry or uninteresting to the general reader. Among the many causes of the corruptions of language, not the least curious is the influence of the ear upon associations. Of this we have an instance in the phrase "one does or says so and so," in which the word "one" passes with most persons as a numeral; we believe that the French analogous "on," passes equally with the multitude as a corruption of "un." The following is the truth:—

"One."—From the French *on*. Observe that this is from the Latin *homo*, in Old French *hom*, *om*. In the Germanic tongues *man* is used in the same sense: *Man sagt = one says = on dit*."

"Let a word be introduced from a foreign language. Let it have some resemblance in form to an English word, and let the meanings of the two words be not absolutely incompatible. We may then have a word of foreign origin taking the appearance of an English one. Such, amongst others, are *beef-eater*, from *boeuf-eater*; *sparrow grass*, from *asparagus*; *Shooter* (a hill in Oxfordshire), from *Chateau vert*; *Jerusalem artichoke*, from *Girasole*, &c. &c. Even these forms have their value in Etymology; since language is affected by false analogies as well as by true ones."

The different accentuation of *Princéss* from that of its analogues *Marchioness* and *Düchess*, is well explained in the following extract:—

"The circumstance of *prince* ending in the sound of *s*, works a change in the accent of the word. As *s* is the final letter, it is necessary, in forming the Plural Number, and the Genitive Case, to add, not the simple letter *s*, as in *peers*, *priests*, &c. &c., but the syllable *-es*. This makes the Plural Number and Genitive Case the same as the feminine form. Hence [for distinction's sake] the Feminine form is accented *princéss*, while *peérress*, *príestress*, &c. &c., carry the accent on the first syllable. *Princéss* is remarkable as being the only word in English where the accent lies on the subordinate syllable."

In treating of such compounds (peculiar to our language) as gold-ring, apple-tree, wheel-barrow, the author inquires into the cause of their order of succession; it being obviously not indifferent to say gold-ring, or ring-gold. This seems to have embarrassed him, although, in fact, he has himself satisfactorily explained the matter.

"Is it because the former element is the most important that it is placed first? I am not prepared to say this. It is not certain, either, that the most important of two words *naturally* comes first, or that, in the majority of languages, it actually comes first. I know no reason why, in another language, a word like *tree-rose* should not have the meaning of the English word *rose-tree*, and *vice versa*."

This is a singular hesitation, to occur after a previous observation like the following:—

"In each of the Compounds quoted above, it may be seen that it is the second word which is qualified, or defined, by the first, and that it is not the first which is qualified, or defined, by the second. Of *yards*, *beams*, *trees*, *loads*, *smiths*, there may be many words, and, in order to determine what particular sort of *yard*, *beam*, *tree*, *load*, or *smith*, may be meant, the words *vine*, *sun*, *apple*, *ship*, and *silver*, are prefixed. In Compound words it is the *first* term that defines or particularizes the second. That the idea given by the word *apple-tree* is not referable to the words *apple* and *tree*, irrespective of the order in which they occur, may be seen by reversing the position of them. The word *tree-apple*, although not existing in the language, is as correct a word as *thorn-apple*. In *tree-apple*, the particular sort of *apple* meant is denoted by the word *tree*, and if there were in our gardens various sorts of plants called apples, of which some grew along the ground and others upon trees, such a word as *tree-apple* would be required in order to be opposed to *earth-apple*, or *ground-apple*, or some word of the kind. In the Compound words *tree-apple* and *apple-tree*, we have the same elements differently arranged. However, as the word *tree-apple* is not current in the language, the class of Compounds indicated by it may seem to be merely imaginary. Nothing is farther from being the case. A *tree-rose* is a rose of a particular sort. The generality of roses being on *shrubs*, this grows on a *tree*. Its peculiarity

consists in this fact, and this particular character is expressed by the word *tree* prefixed. A *rose-tree* is a *tree* of a particular sort, distinguished from *apple-trees*, and *trees* in general, (in other words, particularized or defined) by the word *tree* prefixed."

The observation is judicious and correct; and it seems singular the author did not pursue it to its consequence,—namely, that the first of the two words does duty as an adjective, and that, it being the genius of our language to place the adjective before, and not after, the substantive, that usage necessarily determined the order of the combination. In point of fact, these composed words are derivable from a slovenly running them together in rapid speech, and a consequent coalition between them in writing, founded on a false analogy. In their nature, the two component words are as distinct, as any regularly written substantive and adjective in the round of speech.

In conclusion, we must apologize to the author for the imperfect account we have rendered of his work, which bears proportion not to its intrinsic value, but to the general objects and character of our own columns, and the very limited space which can be assigned to a subject so remote from common interests.

*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay, Author of 'Evelina,' 'Cecilia,' &c. Edited by her Niece. Vol. I. (1778—1780.)*

(Second Notice.)

It is a pleasant task to proceed with the Burney gallery. The artist's hand improves in ease and courage in proportion as she herself retreats into the background; and yet, ere we indulge in the originals spied out by her humorous eye, and perpetuated by her keen-pointed pen, we are bound to show the daughter and the authoress, in her most amiable aspect, particularly as we have hinted some slight objections to the oppressive humility so largely vaunted in her diaries. Urged by the flatteries of the Streatham coterie, the warm interest expressed by Murphy, and the honeyed persuasions of Sheridan, Miss Burney completed a comedy. This all agreed in pronouncing charming,—a worthy sister to 'Evelina,'—till it fell under the censorship of honest 'Daddy Crisp,' and the gentle, but clear-sighted Dr. Burney. But the hermit of Chessington and the historian of music "were of one accord," not merely in criticising the work, but in counselling its entire suppression—a bitter pill to be swallowed by one whose society Johnson was courting, and whose assistance Sheridan was soliciting! Yet we cannot call to mind any letter written under such a downfall of many hopes, at once more sweet-tempered and honest than the following:

"Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

"The fatal knell, then, is knolled, and down among the dead men sink the poor 'Witlings'—for ever, and for ever, and for ever! I give a sigh, whether I will or not, to their memory! For, however worthless, they were *mes enfans*, and one must do one's nature, as Mr. Crisp will tell you of the dog. You, my dearest sir, who enjoyed, I really think, even more than myself, the astonishing success of my first attempt, would, I believe, even more than myself, be hurt at the failure of my second; and I am sure I speak from the bottom of a very honest heart, when I most solemnly declare, that upon your account any disgrace would mortify and afflict me more than upon my own; for whatever appears with your knowledge, will be naturally supposed to have met with your approbation, and, perhaps, your assistance; therefore, though all particular censure would fall where it ought—upon me—yet any general censure of the whole, and the plan, would cruelly, but certainly involve you in its severity. Of this I have been sensible from the moment my 'authorshipness' was discovered, and, therefore, from that moment I determined to have no opinion of my own in regard to what I should thenceforth part with out of my own

hands. I would long since have burnt the fourth act, upon your disapprobation of it, but that I waited, and was by Mrs. Thrale so much encouraged to wait, for your finishing the piece. You have finished it now, in every sense of the word. Partial faults may be corrected; but what I most wished was, to know the general effect of the whole; and as that has so terribly failed, all petty criticisms would be needless. I shall wipe it all from my memory, and endeavour never to recollect that I ever wrote it. You bid me open my heart to you,—and so, my dearest sir, I will, for it is the greatest happiness of my life that I dare be sincere to you. I expected many objections to be raised—a thousand errors to be pointed out—and a million of alterations to be proposed; but the suppression of the piece were words I did not expect; indeed, after the warm approbation of Mrs. Thrale, and the repeated commendations and flattery of Mr. Murphy, how could I? I do not, therefore, pretend to wish you should think a decision, for which I was so little prepared, has given me no disturbance; for I must be a far more egregious witting than any of those I tried to draw, to imagine you could ever credit that I wrote without some remote hope of success now—though I literally did when I composed 'Evelina!' But my mortification is not at throwing away the characters, or the contrivance,—it is all at throwing away the time,—which I with difficulty stole, and which I have buried in the mere trouble of writing. What my daddy Crisp says, 'that it would be the best policy, but for pecuniary advantages, for me to write no more,' is exactly what I have always thought since 'Evelina' was published. But I will not now talk of putting it in practice,—for the best way I can take of showing that I have a true and just sense of the spirit of your condemnation, is not to sink sulky and dejected under it, but to exert myself to the utmost of my power in endeavours to produce something less reprehensible. And this shall be the way I will pursue as soon as my mind is more at ease about Hetty and Mrs. Thrale, and as soon as I have read myself into a forgetfulness of my old *dramatis personæ*,—lest I should produce something else as witless as the last. Adieu, my dearest, kindest, truest, best friend. I will never proceed so far again without your counsel, and then I shall not get only save myself so much useless trouble, but you, who so reluctantly blame, the kind pain which I am sure must attend your disapprobation. The world will not always go well, as Mrs. Sapient might say, and I am sure I have long thought I have had more than my share of success already."

From this lesson to all rising authors, we will proceed to passages more generally amusing. Murphy, Sheridan, and the Thrales, had some reason, we think, to look for a good comedy from one who could write down, and doubtless talk over, every-day groups and every-day people, in Fanny Burney's lively style. Here is her sketch of a Brighthelmstone bore. The specimens of club-talk in Bulwer's 'England and the English,' and dear Mrs. Nickleby's misty recollections of the spice-box and the dissipations of the Peltirogus family, hardly exceed his eloquence in vapid obscurity:—

"Well, I say, what, Miss Burney, so you had a very good party last Tuesday?—what we will call the family party—in that sort of way? Pray who had you?" 'Mr. Chamier.' 'Mr. Chamier, ay? Give me leave to tell you, Miss Burney, that Mr. Chamier is what we call a very sensible man!' 'Certainly. And Mr. Pepys.' 'Mr. Pepys? Ay, very good—very good in that sort of way. I'm quite sorry I could not be here; but I was so much indisposed—quite what we call the nursing party.' 'I'm very sorry; but I hope Little Sharp is well?' 'Ma'am, your most humble! you're a very good lady, indeed!—quite what we call a good lady! Little Sharp is perfectly well: that sort of attention, and things of that sort,—the bow-wow system is very well. But pray, Miss Burney, give me leave to ask, in that sort of way, had you anybody else?' 'Yes, Lady Ladd and Mr. Seward. 'So, so!—quite the family system! Give me leave to tell you, Miss Burney, this commands attention!—what we call a respectable invitation! I am sorry I could not come, indeed; for we young men, Miss Burney, we make it what we call a sort of rule to

take notice of this sort of attention. But I was extremely indisposed, indeed—what we call the walnut system had quite.—Pray what's the news, Miss Burney?—in that sort of way—is there any news? 'None, that I have heard. Have you heard any?' 'Why, very bad!—very bad, indeed!—quite what we call poor old England! I was told, in town,—fact,—fact, I assure you,—that these Dons intend us an invasion this very month!—they and the Mon-sieurs intend us the respectable salute this very month!—the powder system, in that sort of way! Give me leave to tell you, Miss Burney, this is what we call a disagreeable visit, in that sort of way.'

Next comes the mother of the beauty in tears—the incomparable S. S.—who was encountered at Tunbridge Wells:—

"Mrs. Streetfield is very—very little, but perfectly well made, thin, genteel, and delicate. She has been quite beautiful, and has still so much of beauty left, that to call it only the remains of a fine face seems hardly doing her justice. She is very lively, and an excellent mimic, and is, I think, as much superior to her daughter in natural gifts as her daughter is to her in acquired ones: and how infinitely preferable are parts without education to education without parts! \* \* But her character is yet not half told. She has a kind of whimsical conceit, and odd affectation, that, joined to a very singular sort of humour, makes her always seem to be rehearsing some scene in a comedy. She takes off, if she mentions them, all her own children, and, though she quite adores them, renders them ridiculous with all her power. She laughs at herself for her smallness and for her vagaries, just with the same ease and ridicule as if she were speaking of some other person; and, while perpetually hinting at being old and broken, she is continually frisking, flaunting, and playing tricks, like a young coquet. When I was introduced to her by Mrs. Thrale, who said 'Give me leave, ma'am, to present to you a friend of your daughter's—Miss Burney,' she advanced to me with a tripping pace, and, taking one of my fingers, said, 'Allow me, ma'am, will you, to create a little acquaintance with you.'

Those were the days of romps, sparklers and dashes—three species of woman-kind now extinct. Another subject, yet fuller of vagaries than Mrs. Streetfield, was found in a Miss Birch, but we have no room for her portrait. Then come glimpses of the Cumberland—the dramatist so jaundiced by the fears of stage rivalry, that he could not endure so much as to face 'Evelina'; his daughters, whose high feathers procured them the notoriety of being hissed at the playhouse, and whose outrageous stares were only to be put an end to by the cold contempt of the proud Queeny Thrale; and "young Mr. Cumberland, a handsome soft-looking youth," says our authoress, "who fixed his eyes upon me incessantly, though but the evening before, when I saw him at Hicks's, he looked as if it would have been a diminution of his dignity to have regarded me twice." We must give a specimen of the behaviour of this engaging party:—

"On the announcement of the carriage, we went into the next room for our cloaks, where Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Cumberland were in deep conversation. 'Oh, here's Miss Burney?' said Mrs. Thrale aloud. Mr. Cumberland turned round, but withdrew his eyes instantly; and I, determined not to interrupt them, made Miss Thrale walk away with me. In about ten minutes she left him, and we all came home. As soon as we were in the carriage,—'It has been,' said Mrs. Thrale, warmly, 'all I could do not to affront Mr. Cumberland to-night!' 'Oh, I hope not!' cried I; 'I would not have you for all the world!' 'Why, I have refrained; but with great difficulty!' And then she told me the conversation she had just had with him. As soon as I made off, he said, with a spiteful tone of voice,—'Oh, that young lady is an author, I hear!' 'Yes,' answered Mrs. Thrale, 'author of 'Evelina.' 'Humph,—I am told it has some humour!' 'Ay, indeed! Johnson says nothing like it has appeared for years!' 'So,' cried he, biting his lips, and waving uneasily in his chair, 'so, so!' 'Yes,' continued she, 'and Sir Joshua Reynolds told Mr. Thrale he would give fifty pounds to

know the author!' 'So, so,—oh, vastly well!' cried he, putting his hand on his forehead. 'Nay,' added she, 'Burke himself sat up all night to finish it!' This seemed quite too much for him; he put both his hands to his face, and waving backwards and forwards, said,—'Oh, vastly well!—this will do for anything!' with a tone as much as to say, 'Pray, no more!' Then Mrs. Thrale bid him good night, longing, she said, to call Miss Thrale first, and say, 'So you won't speak to my daughter?—why, she is no author!'

Mr. B—y was another original:—if a copy deserve such a name; for he seems to have aped the Johnsonian method of settling every question, carrying the Doctor's knock-down system to the extreme, without the Doctor's wit. 'Evelina,' of course, was an exception to his wholesale condemnations. But here is a more manageable picture, small and bright as a miniature:—

"By far the best among our men acquaintance here, and him who, next to Mr. Selwin, I like the best, is a Mr. Tidy. You will probably suspect, as Lady Hesketh did last night when she met him here, that this is a nickname only, whereas he hath not, heaven knows, a better in the world! He appears a grave, reserved, quiet man; but he is a sarcastic, observing, and ridiculing man. No trusting to appearances, no, not even to wigs! for a meaner, more sneaking and pitiful wig,—a wig that less bespeaks a man worth twopence in his pocket, or two ideas in his head, did I never see than that of Mr. Tidy."

We are not sure that the passing mention of Cowper's warm-hearted cousin and correspondent has not to answer for the partiality which has made us extract Mr. Tidy's sneaking wig. What a different world of associations is opened by her name: what a change she must have found in the melancholy retirement of Weston, after the Tunbridge Pantiles, when alive with such fluttering wits and saucy talkers as she here figures among! "Where, indeed, will you find such another set?" exclaims Daddy Crisp, with a cordiality which makes us love him:—

"O, Fanny, set this down as the happiest period of your life; and when you come to be old and sick, and health and spirits are fled (for the time may come), then live upon remembrance, and think that you have had your share of the good things of this world, and say,—For what I have received, the Lord make me thankful!"

But we must have done with Tunbridge, and exhibit our authoress on a more extended stage, none other than that of Bath. Ere the "city of the waters," however, is reached, a halt made by the travellers must detain us also; that we may introduce our readers to the Lawrence family, and to young Lawrence, afterwards Sir Thomas:—

"The third day we reached Devizes. And here, Mrs. Thrale and I were much pleased with our hostess, Mrs. Laurence, who seemed something above her station in her inn. While we were at cards before supper, we were much surprised by the sound of a piano-forte. I jumped up, and ran to listen whence it proceeded. I found it came from the next room, where the overture to the 'Buona Figliuola' was performing. The playing was very decent, but as the music was not quite new to me, my curiosity was not whole ages in satisfying, and therefore I returned to finish the rubber. \* \* Well, another deal was hardly played, ere we heard the sound of a voice, and out I ran again. The singing, however, detained me not long, and so back I whisked: but the performance, however indifferent in itself, yet surprised us at the Bear at Devizes, and therefore Mrs. Thrale determined to know from whom it came. Accordingly, she tapped at the door. A very handsome girl, about thirteen years old, with fine dark hair upon a finely formed forehead, opened it. Mrs. Thrale made an apology for her intrusion, but the poor girl blushed and retreated into a corner of the room: another girl, however, advanced, and obligingly and gracefully invited us in, and gave us all chairs. She was just sixteen, extremely pretty, and with a countenance better

than her features, though those were also very good. Mrs. Thrale made her many compliments, which she received with a mingled modesty and pleasure, both becoming and interesting. She was, indeed, a sweetly pleasing girl. We found they were both daughters of our hostess, and born and bred at Devizes. We were extremely pleased with them, and made them a long visit, which I wished to have been longer. But though those pretty girls struck us so much, the wonder of the family was yet to be produced. This was their brother, a most lovely boy of ten years of age, who seems to be not merely the wonder of their family, but of the times, for his astonishing skill in drawing. They protest he has never had any instruction, yet showed us some of his productions that were really beautiful. Those that were copies were delightful—those of his own composition amazing, though far inferior. I was equally struck with the boy and his works. We found that he had been taken to town, and that all the painters had been very kind to him, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had pronounced him, the mother said, the most promising genius he had ever met with. Mr. Hoare has been so charmed with this sweet boy's drawings that he intends sending him to Italy with his own son. This house was full of books, as well as paintings, drawings, and music; and all the family seem not only ingenious and industrious, but amiable; added to which, they were strikingly handsome."

Names that read little less strangely are encountered in every page. The grandmother and great aunt of Lord Byron—the mother of Lord Byron's Mary Chaworth—and, as a young man, that General Phipps, whose gay and genial life, protracted to an unusual length, closed some four summers ago. Here is another star—but who, now, remembers Jerningham's poetry?—

"We met Mr. Jerningham, the poet. I have lately been reading his poems, if his they may be called. He seems a mighty delicate gentleman; looks to be painted, and is all daintification in manner, speech and dress. The rest of the company I shall not trouble you with mentioning, save Miss Leigh, who sat next me, and filled up all the evening with hearing of Mr. Crisp, and talking of Mrs. Gast, except what was given to attending to Mr. Jerningham's singing to his own accompaniment upon the harp. He has about as much voice as Sacchini, and very sweet toned, though very English; and he sung and played with a fineness that somewhat resembled the man we looked at at Piozzi's benefit; for it required a painful attention to hear him. And while he sings, he looks the gentlest of all dying Corydons!"

And who recollects the *Pierre* to the *Belvidera* so lightly esteemed, in the following paragraph?

"At the desire of Miss F. Bowdler, we all went to the play, to see an actress she is doatingly fond of, Mrs. Siddons, in *Belvidera*; but instead of falling in love with her, we fell in love with Mr. Lee, who played *Pierre*—and so well! I did not believe such an actor existed now our dear Garrick is gone; a better, except Garrick, never did I see—nor any one nearly equal to him—for sense, animation, looks, voice, grace—Oh, for everything the part would admit—he is indeed delightful."

Anstey, more famous than "the pink and white poet" Miss Burney so ludicrously described, disappointed her by "a mighty heavy and unfavourable air, look, and manner." Now comes a cage of oddities, capably hit off, with "slow music" by way of a preamble:—

"We were appointed to meet the Bishop of Chester at Mrs. Montagu's. This proved a very gloomy kind of grandeur; the Bishop waited for Mrs. Thrale to speak, Mrs. Thrale for the Bishop; so neither of them spoke at all! Mrs. Montagu cared not a fig, as long as she spoke herself, and so she harangued away. Meanwhile Mr. Melmoth, the Pliny Melmoth, as he is called, was of the party, and seemed to think nobody half so great as himself, and therefore chose to play first violin without further ceremony. But, altogether, the evening was not what it was intended to be, and I fancy nobody was satisfied. It is always thus in long-projected meetings. The Bishop, however, seems to be a very elegant man: Mrs. Porteus, his lady, is a very sen-

able and him, who prodigious self-sufficient first man and many nothing like her if she standing all went. When looking out in a strain of d put her in recovered took her s at a lady Mrs. Dobs upright, n other, thin a thousand below; sh Thrale, th side was Queeny. ance of the whose not self to on Thrale hu came to sta she se something happy for minutes the Aubrey, a 'Yes, ma' young lady 'What! has favour ma'am.' at once. 'Dear heart I never sa Mrs. Dobs mid it thro in any boos self out of the way of Miss L. snoring, at last br we've been before, I thanked h took the h will you fa son's work that even another! Mr. and obliged to they could they first with all th to keep th again, and Son after party. Miss came up to ma'am, I'm won't com the doctor are here, for here no 'O, all the to do very now. I d men; but thing;—h I did not was to be right for mamma h upon my y Miss, how to the lord to tot



able and well-bred woman: he had also a sister with him, who sat quite mum all the night, and looked prodigiously weary. Mr. Melmoth seems intolerably self-efficient—appears to look upon himself as the first man in Bath, and has a proud conceit in look and manner, mighty forbidding. His lady is in nothing like the Bishop's; I am sure I should pity her if she were. \* \* We had an engagement of long standing, to drink tea with Miss L., whither we all went, and a most queer evening did we spend. When we entered, she and all her company were looking out of the window: however, she found us out in a few minutes, and made us welcome in a strain of delight and humbleness at receiving us, that put her into a flutter of spirits, from which she never recovered all the evening. Her fat, jolly mother took her seat at the top of the room; next to her sat a lady in a riding habit, whom I soon found to be Mrs. Dobson; below her sat a gentlewoman; prim, upright, neat, and mean; and, next to her, sat another, thin, haggard, wrinkled, fine, and tawdry, with a thousand flippery ornaments and old-fashioned furbelows; she was excellently nick-named, by Mrs. Thrale, the Duchess of Monmouth. On the opposite side was placed Mrs. Thrale, and, next to her, Queney. For my own part, little liking the appearance of the set, and half-dreading Mrs. Dobson, from whose notice I wished to escape, I had made up myself to one of the now deserted windows, and Mr. Thrale had followed me. As to Miss L., she came to stand by me, and her panic, I fancy, returned, for she seemed quite panting with a desire to say something, and an incapacity to utter it. It proved happy for me that I had taken this place, for in a few minutes the mean, neat woman, whose name was Aubrey, asked if Miss Thrale was Miss Thrale? 'Yes, ma'am.' 'And pray ma'am, who is that other young lady?' 'A daughter of Dr. Burney's, ma'am.' 'What!' cried Mrs. Dobson, 'is that the lady that has favoured us with that excellent novel?' 'Yes, ma'am.' Then burst forth a whole volley from all at once. 'Very extraordinary, indeed!' said one. 'Dear heart, who'd have thought it?' said another. 'I never saw the like in my life!' said a third. And Mrs. Dobson, entering more into detail, began praising it through, but chiefly Evelina herself, which she said was the most natural character she had ever met in any book. Meantime, I had almost thrown myself out of the window, in my eagerness to get out of the way of this gross and noisy applause; but poor Miss L., having stood quite silent a long time, smirking, and nodding her assent to what was said, at last broke forth with, 'I assure you, ma'am, we've been all quite delighted: that is, we had read it before, but only now upon reading it again.' I thanked her, and talked of something else, and she took the hint to have done; but said, 'Pray, ma'am, will you favour me with your opinion of Mrs. Dobson's works?' A pretty question, in a room so small that even a whisper would be heard from one end to another! However, I truly said I had not read them. Mr. and Mrs. Whalley now arrived, and I was obliged to go to a chair—when staring followed; they could not have opened their eyes wider when they first looked at the Guildhall giants! I looked with all the gravity and demureness possible, in order to keep them from coming plump to the subject again, and, indeed this, for a while, kept them off. Soon after Dr. Harrington arrived, which closed our party. Miss L. went whispering to him, and then came up to me, with a look of dismay, and said, 'O, ma'am, I'm so prodigiously concerned; Mr. Henry won't come!' 'Who, ma'am?' 'Mr. Henry, ma'am, the doctor's son. But, to be sure, he does know you are here, or else—but I'm quite concerned, indeed, for here now we shall have no young gentlemen!' 'O, all the better,' cried I, 'I hope we shall be able to do very well without.' 'O yes, ma'am, to be sure. I don't mean for any common young gentlemen; but Mr. Henry, ma'am, it's quite another thing—however, I think he might have come; but I did not happen to mention in my card that you was to be here, and so—but I think it serves him right for not coming to see me.' Soon after the mamma hobbled to me, and began a furious panegyric upon my book, saying, at the same time, 'I wonder, Miss, how you could get at them low characters. As to the lords and ladies, that's no wonder at all; but, as to t'others, why, I have not stirred, night nor

morning, while I've been reading it: if I don't wonder how you could be so clever!' And much, much more. And, scarcely had she unburthened herself, ere Miss L.—trotted back to me, crying, in a tone of mingled triumph and vexation, 'Well, ma'am, Mr. Henry will be very much mortified when he knows who has been here; that he will, indeed: however, I'm sure he deserves it!' I made some common sort of reply, that I hoped he was better engaged, which she vehemently declared was impossible. We had now some music. Miss L. sung various old elegies of Jackson, Dr. Harrington, and Linley, and O how I dismalled in hearing them! Mr. Whalley, too, sung 'Robin Gray,' and divers other melancholic ballads, and Miss Thrale sang 'Ti seguio fedele.' But the first time there was a cessation of harmony, Miss L.—again respectfully approaching me, cried, 'Well, all my comfort is that Mr. Henry will be prodigiously mortified! But there's a ball to-night, so I suppose he's gone to that. However, I'm sure if he had known of meeting you young ladies here—but it's all good enough for him, for not coming!' 'Nay,' cried I, 'if meeting young ladies is a motive with him, he can have nothing to regret while at a ball, where he will see many more than he could here.' 'O, ma'am, as to that—but I say no more, because it mayn't be proper; but, to be sure, if Mr. Henry had known—however, he'll be well mortified!' Soon after this, a chair next mine being vacated, Mrs. Dobson came and seated herself in it, to my somewhat dismay, as I knew what would follow. \* \* Well, have you enough of this ridiculous evening? Mrs. Thrale and I have mutually agreed that we neither of us ever before had so complete a dish of gross flattery as this night. Yet let me be fair, and tell you that this Mrs. Dobson, though coarse, low-bred, forward, self-sufficient, and flaunting, seems to have a strong and masculine understanding, and parts that, had they been united with modesty, or fostered by education, might have made her a shining and agreeable woman: but she has evidently kept low company, which she has risen above in literature, but not in manners."

And this homespun dame was the refined and learned Petrarch's biographer! No wonder, if such were her company manners, that she should be the hard mistress she was to her maid and amanuensis, whom (if our memory serve us right) she used to call out of bed at all hours of the night, with the peremptory alarm of "Molly! Molly!—A thought! a thought!"

The Bowdlers were a shade more companionable. We have next a picture of Lady Miller, the *Calliope* of Horace Walpole's sarcastic sketch, the proprietress of the Bath Easton Vase, and the prize-giver to the Duchess of Northumberland for her ode on a buttered muffin:—

"Lady Miller is a round, plump, coarse-looking dame of about forty, and while all her aim is to appear an elegant woman of fashion, all her success is to seem an ordinary woman in very common life, with fine clothes on. Her manners are bustling, her air is mock-important, and her manners very inelegant."

"We went to Bath Easton. Mrs. Lambart went with us. The house is charmingly situated, well fitted up, convenient, and pleasant, and not large, but commodious and elegant. Thursday is still their public day for company, though the business of the vase is over for this season. The room into which we were conducted was so much crowded we could hardly make our way. Lady Miller came to the door, and, as she had first done to the rest of us, took my hand, and led me up to a most prodigious fat old lady, and introduced me to her. This was Mrs. Riggs, her ladyship's mother, who seems to have Bath Easton and its owners under her feet. I was smiled upon with a graciousness designedly marked, and seemed most uncommonly welcome. Mrs. Riggs looked as if she could have shouted for joy at sight of me! She is mighty merry and facetious. Sir John was very quiet, but very civil. I saw the place appropriated for the vase, but at this time it was removed. As it was hot, Sir John Miller offered us to walk round the house, and see his green-house, &c. \* \* Afterwards, when we returned into the house, we

found another room filled with company. Among those that I knew were the Caldwells, the Grenvilles, some of the Bowdlers, Mr. Wyndham, and Miss J. \* \* \* Some time after, while I was talking with Miss W. and Harriet Bowdler, Mrs. Riggs came up to us, and with an expression of comical admiration, fixed her eyes upon me, and for some time amused herself with apparently watching me. Mrs. Lambart, who was at cards, turned round and begged me to give her her cloak, for she felt rheumatic; I could not readily find it, and after looking some time, I was obliged to give her my own; but while I was hunting, Mrs. Riggs followed me, laughing, nodding, and looking much delighted, and every now and then saying,—"That's right, Evelina!—Ah, look for it, Evelina!—Evelina always did so—she always looked for people's cloaks, and was obliging and well-bred!" I grinned a little to be sure, but tried to escape her, by again getting between Miss W. and Harriet Bowdler; but Mrs. Riggs still kept opposite to me, expressing from time to time, by uplifted hands and eyes, comical applause. \* \* When we were coming away, and Lady Miller and Sir John had both taken very civil leave of me, I curtsied in passing Mrs. Riggs, and she rose, and called after me—"Set about another!"

It is impossible to look at these lively pictures without rejoicing in the increased common sense of our own times. There are plenty of Lady Millers and Mrs. Riggs' no doubt—but they make no noise in the world of letters; and the days of the Bath Easton Vase, and of Miss More's *Glanvillia* (Mrs. Boscawen's country seat) are as "clean gone" as the grey wigs and navy-blue riding habits of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby.

This section of the Burney diary contains its share of tragedy as well as of comicality. The party fell into the midst of the Bath riots, an offshoot of the disturbances fomented by Lord George Gordon, which have of late found so graphic a chronicler in 'Boz.' A paragraph or two cannot but be acceptable:—

"The above I writ this morning, before I recollected this was not post day, and all is altered here since. The threats I despised were but too well grounded, for, to our utter amazement and consternation, the new Roman Catholic chapel in this town was set on fire at about nine o'clock. It is now burning with a fury that is dreadful, and the house of the priest belonging to it is in flames also. The poor persecuted man himself has, I believe, escaped with life, though pelted, followed, and very ill used. Mrs. Thrale and I have been walking about with the footmen several times. The whole town is still and orderly. The rioters do their work with great composure, and though there are knots of people in every corner, all execrating the authors of such outrages, nobody dares oppose them. An attempt indeed was made, but it was ill-conducted, faintly followed, and soon put an end to by a secret fear of exciting vengeance. Alas! to what have we all lived!—the poor invalids here will probably lose all chance of life, from terror. Mr. Hay, our apothecary, has been attending the removal of two, who were confined to their beds in the street where the chapel is burning. The Catholics throughout the place are all threatened with destruction, and we met several porters, between ten and eleven at night, privately removing goods, walking on tiptoe, and scarcely breathing. I firmly believe, by the deliberate villainy with which this riot is conducted, that it will go on in the same desperate way as in town, and only be stopped by the same desperate means. Our plan for going to Bristol is at an end. We are told it would be madness, as there are seven Romish chapels in it; but we are determined upon removing somewhere to-morrow."

The following fragment of a letter from Miss Charlotte Burney, contains a feature of the London riots which 'Master Humphrey' might have turned to capital account. Think of Miggs, making one of such a predatory expedition as is described below:—

"To add to the pleasantness of our situation, there have been gangs of women going about to rob and plunder. Miss Kirwans went on Friday afternoon to walk in the Museum gardens, and were stopped

by a set of women, and robbed of all the money they had. The mob had proscribed the mews, for they said 'the king should not have a horse to ride upon.' They besieged the new Somerset House, with intention to destroy it, but were repulsed by some soldiers placed there for that purpose. \* \* It sounds almost incredible, but they say, that on Wednesday night last, when the mob were more powerful, more numerous, and outrageous than ever, there was, nevertheless, a number of exceeding genteel people at Ranelagh, though they knew not but their houses might be on fire at the time!"

We must have done with this amusing galandee-show, in which the figures of other days live, move, and talk. But, ere closing it, it is only fair to Mrs. Thrale, here much mentioned and little heard, to give her an opportunity of speaking for herself. She hits off the humours of a watering-place with as sharp a pen as that of her own "Sweet Burney."

"Brightelmstone, Wednesday, July 19, 1760.

"And so my letters please you, do they, my sweet Burney? I know yours are the most entertaining things that cross me in the course of the whole week; and a miserable praise too, if you could figure to yourself my most dull companions. I write now from Bowen's shop, where he has been settled about three days, I think; and here comes in one man hopping, and asks for 'Russell on Sea-water'—another tripping, and begs to have the last new novel sent him home to-night; one lady tumbles the ballads about, and fingers the harpsichord, which stands here at every blockhead's mercy; and another looks over the Lilliputian library, and purchases Polly Sugarcake for her long-legged missey. My master is gone out riding, and we are to drink tea with Lady Rothes; after which the Steyne hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas's shop, and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could, I think, be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest-mannered boy. Dr. Pepys is resolutely and profoundly silent; and Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, has taken up a new character, and says not only the severest but the cruellest things you ever heard in your life. Here is a Mrs. K—, too, sister to the Duchess of M—, who is very uncompanionable indeed, and talks of Tumblebridge. These, however, are literally all the people we ever speak to—oh yes, the Drummonds—but they are scarce blest with utterance. Mr. Scrase mends, and I spent an hour with him to-day. Now have I fairly done with Brightelmstone, and will congratulate myself on being quite of your advice—as Pacchierotti would call it—concerning Burke the minor, whom I once met and could make nothing of. Poor Mr. Chamier! and poor Dr. Burney, too! The loss of real friends after a certain time of life is a terrible thing, let Dr. Johnson say what he will. Those who are first called do not get first home. I remember Chamier lamenting for Mr. Thrale, who will now, I verily think, live to see many of those go before him who expected to stay long after. He will not surely look strange upon you, for he is glad to see your letters; though he does not sigh over them so dismally as he did yesterday, over one he saw I had directed to Child. Lord George Gordon is to be liberated upon bail, his quality brethren tell me. This is, I think, contrary to the general disposition of the people, who appear to wish his punishment. But the thunder-cloud always moves against the wind, you know. The going to Grub-street would have been a pretty exploit. Are you continuing to qualify yourself for an inhabitant? Sweet Mrs. Cholmondeley! I am glad she can frolic and frisk so—the time will come too soon, that will, as Grumio expresses it, 'tame man, woman, and beast,'—and thyself, fellow Curtis. The players this year are rather better than the last; but the theatre is no bigger than a hand-box, which is a proper precaution, I think, as here are not folks to fill even that. The shops are almost all shut still, and a dearth of money complained of that is lamentable; but we have taken some Spanish ships, it seems, and La Vera Cruz besides. Adieu,—and divide my truest kindness among all the dear Newtonians,\* and keep yourself a large share. You are

\* Alluding to the house of Sir Isaac Newton, in St. Martin's Street, in which Dr. Burney was at this time residing.

in no danger of invaders from the sea-coast. Susan and Sophy bathe and grow, and riot me out of my senses. I am ever, my dear girl, most faithfully yours, H. L. T."

The forthcoming volumes of this work must, we think, be eagerly looked for and warmly welcomed. As a collection of gossip, we have had nothing like it for many years.

*History of the Republic of Texas.* By N. D. Maillard, Esq. Smith, Elder & Co. Texas in 1840. By an Emigrant. Wiley & Putnam.

THERE is no more striking characteristic of the present age, than the increased value of time. The labour, erewhile of years, is now consumed in an hour. A decade of modern existence is worth a century of "the olden time"—for the true calculation of life is not by the number of its days, but by the number of its experiences. It is not alone in the mere arts and wants of life—not in the mere progress of invention—that this rapidity of movement is perceptible. Deeper and mightier energies are at work, energies affecting our moral, and especially our political, well-being; half the world has been converted into a crucible for experimentalizing on new social amalgams; and kingdoms and republics spring up around us, like so many volcanic islands!

Not the least remarkable of these modern formations is Texas—uniting, as it does, in its single self the double character of a rough, half-amalgamated colony, and an independent republic, concluding treaties of commerce and amity with the most powerful countries in the world. It is not to be wondered at, that this new figure, which has so suddenly photographed itself among the worthies of the "National Gallery," should attract considerable attention. Several works on Texas have already issued from the English and American press, and the most remarkable of them (that by Mr. Kennedy) has been noticed at length in our columns (No. 708). The works whose titles head this article, have no further claim, than the identity of their subject, to such close juxtaposition. In opinions and in character, they are diametrically at variance—they represent the *pro* and the *con*—the monarchical comfort-loving Englishman and the republican fortune-seeking American;—the sole relation between them is, what a logician would call "the relation of opposition."

We can well imagine a country in the transition state of Texas, presenting very contrary aspects to minds variously educated. The Englishmen (and Mr. Maillard, albeit "Bar-rister-at-Law, of Texas," is an Englishman) who enters it with all his ideas screwed up to the pitch of his home "proprieties"—political, social, and domestic—will doubtless see nothing but faults in the scrambling unsettled state of the new republic; while the American who visits it in search of field for enterprise, will rejoice in the untilled soil, and the latitude of custom which offer a ready opening for his wakeful energies. Such would seem to have been the various moods in which Mr. Maillard and the "Emigrant" visited the transatlantic Parvenu. The lengthy essay which the former has dignified with the title of "a History," bears evident marks of being the product of "one of the counsel for the prosecution." No favourable statement put forward by the admirers of Texas is left unqualified, if not directly negatived. So strong, indeed, is this "learned" historian's zeal, that we could almost suspect the quondam editor of the *Richmond Telescope* (such was Mr. Maillard's employment during part of his sojourn in the new republic) of having some private animosities to settle. We are not acquainted with the annals of the *Richmond Telescope*—but, judging from the bias

its editor displays, as historian of Texas, towards the more antiquated political creed of the old world, we can well imagine that Mr. Maillard's telescopic effusions proved altogether unintelligible to his readers in the new.

Be this as it may, there is an evidence of prejudice—a tendency to measure everything by a standard unduly elevated—which bids us beware how we place confidence in this "History." It is, doubtless, more than probable, that a tinge of the *El Dorado* has crept into the very enticing descriptions of Texas, which have drawn so strong a current of emigration thither—but the preponderance of favourable report is so great, and statistical facts tell so plainly of a steady increase in the number of the colonists, that we feel ourselves bound to give cautious audience to the statements of Mr. Maillard. That gentleman, indeed, takes occasion, in his preface, to express a hope that "reviewers will not allow his faults as a writer to prejudice them against his facts respecting Texas and the Texans;"—and Mr. Maillard doubtless believes that, in this sentence, he has given a prospective quietus to every unfavourable reviewer, review he ever so severely. But, after all, a fact, like a figure, has a very small positive value—its real weight is derived from relation and position: a fact isolated, or only partially developed, may lead to a conclusion exactly the contrary of that to which it actually refers.

Mr. Maillard gives a lengthy sketch of the history of Texas—"from the earliest period down to the present time." This is of some little value from the documents quoted therein—of none from its author's workmanship. He elevates Santa Anna almost into a hero; and while the most virtuous indignation is vented against our friend, the "Emigrant," for some half palliations of Texan cruelty towards the Indians, he calmly and deliberately takes up the defence of Santa Anna's atrocities after the victory over Col. Fanning! The massacre of San Antonio is recorded with a philosophic brevity, which seems to emulate Thucydides—although not exactly approaching his elegance of diction:—

"On the night of the sixth, before any assistance could possibly reach him, Santa Anna attacked the Alamo, that now contained only 150 men, when a stubborn contest ensued, and the result was, that the Texans, at daylight, were obliged to cry for quarter, which was refused."

In this siege fell Razin Bowie, the inventor of the far-famed "Bowie Knife." Mr. Maillard's account of its origin may interest:—

"Bowie was a reckless drunkard who had squandered his property, and was subsequently obliged to fly from his country (the United States) for slaying a man in a duel. This fact is well known in Texas, and was thus told me by a friend of Bowie's, who was present when Razin Bowie fought a duel with knives across a table at the Alamo, a few days before Santa Anna took it. His first duel was fought at Natchez, on the Mississippi, in the fall of 1834. A dispute arose at a card-table, in the middle of the day, between Bowie and a man named Black. The lie was given by Bowie to his opponent, and at the same moment drawing his knife (which was a case one, with a blade about four inches long, such as the Americans always carry in their pockets,) he challenged the man to fight, which was accepted, and Black having taken his seat opposite Bowie, at a small square table, the conflict began. It had lasted about twenty minutes, during which both parties were severely cut, when Bowierose from the table, and with a desperate oath, rushed upon his antagonist, who immediately fell dead at his feet. The inconvenience felt by Bowie on this occasion from the smallness of the knife, having called forth the exercise of his debauched and sanguinary mind, he invented a weapon, which would enable him, to use own words, 'to rip a man up right away.'"

We have given room to this extract because it presents "the duel" in its naked barbarity—



and may thus lead some of our readers to a common sense view of that strange solecism in civilization.

It is not our intention to follow Mr. Maillard through all his animadversions upon the circumstances attendant on the achievement of Texan independence,—but we cannot help pausing to question the soundness of his logic, when he argues that Great Britain ought not to have recognized the independence of Texas, because that country permits the unhallowed traffic in slaves. The question of the independence of a nation, we take to be perfectly distinct from the question of its internal policy. The mere fact of a country achieving independence, constitutes a sufficient title to its separate recognition—for, besides demonstrating the inability of its original guardian to take due care of his ward, it proves incontestably, that the interests of the two are distinct—that a separation, therefore, is both expedient and necessary. Mr. Maillard has a very poor opinion of Texan society. He plainly assures us that—

"It is almost impossible to believe that the first elements of civilization will ever find their way to, and be cherished in Texas, a country filled with habitual liars, drunkards, blasphemers, and slanderers; sanguinary gamblers, and cold-blooded assassins; with idleness and sluggish indolence (two vices for which the Texans are already proverbial); with pride, engendered by ignorance and supported by fraud, the art of which, though of modern construction, is so well defined, and generally practised, that it retards even the development of the spontaneous resources of the country."

This is certainly more like newspaper than historical writing. Texan society, according to Mr. Maillard, is divided into four distinct classes, "despotic aristocratical Land-owners and Speculators, Usefults, Contemptibles, and Loafers." The first "have not the least spirit of accommodation in them, and the simplest act of civility may be considered as a very great condescension from them." The second are Overseers, Store-keepers, and Master-tradesmen. The Contemptibles are those who are obliged to labour hard to get their daily bread; these are called "white niggers."

"The Loafers are by far the most numerous class, and are those who go about from one dram-shop to another, for the purpose of gaming and sponging on their friends, and not unfrequently on strangers; but this latter practice is by far too common in Texas to be confined or strictly applied to any one branch of the community." \* \* When you regard the Texans, either separately or *en masse*, they exhibit all the features of a ruffianized European mob, to whom, however, they are greatly inferior in social refinement, and much less formidable in a military point of view. The agriculturist being very deficient in his physical character, and totally ignorant of the manly exercises of the field; the soldier, of the gentlemanly and professional acquirements of his calling; the merchant wanting in faith, stability and business habits; and the mechanic, in that inventive genius and perseverance, for which the English nation is so justly famed."

Now it cannot be doubted that many solecisms in morality are to be met with in a country, formed from such materials as those of which Texas is composed. Made up of incoherent individualities, a colony of settlers will take many years before full assimilation obtains. These materials, moreover, must, almost necessarily, be of somewhat coarse texture—men formed for "roughing" through the world—with probably a strong leaven of selfish adventurers, needy spendthrifts, and restless speculators. Such at least will be the aboriginal colonists—but they possess an incentive to union, to sympathy, and consequently to morality, which cannot fail gradually to work out their regeneration. This incentive is *labour*—a prerogative whose moral effects are not less decided than its physical—

although apparently beyond the range of our "learned" historian's vision.

But Mr. Maillard's genuine sympathies are reserved for the Indians. The opening sentence of the chapter he has devoted to them almost looks like a translation from *Emile*. "There is not," thus it runs, "a more interesting branch of the great human family, still in its primitive state, than the Indians of Texas, who, notwithstanding the murderous depredations of their christian brethren, are still free, and whose institutions are not tainted with modern corruptions." May we not fancy ourselves reading a free translation of the oft-refuted sentence "*Tout est bien sortant des mains de l'auteur des choses; tout dégénère entre les mains de l'homme*"?

With reference to the fate which seems to attend these foundlings of nature—with reference to the innate antagonism, which seemingly exists between the white and coloured races, and to the gradual disappearance of the latter from the face of the earth—these are dark and painful mysteries, which we cannot enter upon here, and on which Mr. Maillard's speculations throw no light. We share his feelings of horror in narrating the deliberate cruelty with which these children of the desert are butchered by their "christian brethren." But let it be recollected that this hatred, revolting as it is, is not unprovoked; and who shall say how far, in a state of society such as that of Texas at present, the tardy formalities of law may not be superseded by "the wild justice of revenge"? To give an instance of Mr. Maillard's one-sided handling of the subject, we will extract, as he has mutilated it, a quotation which, being taken from the very book we have coupled with his own at the head of this review, we have a ready opportunity of verifying:—

"At a little distance in the woods, stood two young men, loading their rifles. \* \* Their appearance was sufficiently rustic for every forest or hunting purpose, and their language and conversation smacked strongly of the spirit of border fighting and hatred to the Indians. They had learned but a few hours before that Indians had been seen further up the country, (whether friendly or not they seemed not disposed to inquire,) and hence they were thus preparing for such emergencies as they supposed might likely transpire. In answer to a suggestion," continues Mr. Maillard, abridging his quotation—"that the Indians mentioned by the traveller, might be a company of friendly Indians, and not disposed to do mischief, the young husband, with a mingled frown, sneer, and angry laugh, answered—'Friendly? Yes, they will be friendly enough if they once come within the range of my rifle.' This remark was received by the junior members of the family with a *laugh of pleasure*. 'It required but little penetration to discover that our hosts were accustomed to the vicissitudes attendant upon settlers, and that to them, sporting and the killing of Indians, were merely synonymous terms.'"

Here Mr. Maillard's quotation ends, and, taken as it stands, this passage must cause a thrill of horror in every civilized breast. But let us turn to the Emigrant's work and complete his narrative—as Mr. Maillard should, in common fairness, have done:—

"Alluding to what had before been said," he continues, "our hostess, whose thin and pale countenance, her shining and unsteady dark eyes, grizzled and dishevelled hair, rendered her appearance almost haggard, remarked with great bitterness, 'I am afraid those cursed Indians will never give me peace more. I was in hopes I had heard the last of them. My family has been butchered, and I have been driven about by them till my soul is sick of life.' Being asked if her family had suffered much from the savages, she replied, (turning her wild and piercing eyes upon me,) 'Have they?—Yes, all my family have been murdered by them, except these children. That boy,' pointing to the younger of the men we found practising with their rifles, 'had three balls

planted within an inch of his life. One of my sons, my two sisters, and my old father and mother, were all cut to pieces on new year's night a year ago,' (January 1st, 1839.)"

Now we do not mean to affirm that these additional facts would justify the indiscriminate butchery of the Indians, for which the two hunters appeared so coolly preparing; but, by omitting them, Mr. Maillard has represented these persons as actual monsters—by restoring them, we have at least raised them to men. With such a specimen of Mr. Maillard's "facts," we must be excused if we caution our readers against receiving even his statistical data as incontrovertible. His attacks upon the authority of Mr. Kennedy, and of the "Emigrant," cannot, with our present limited information, be appreciated here. We can only express our opinion that the internal evidence is rather in favour of these latter than of Mr. Maillard.

The little work 'Texas in 1840' displays, as already mentioned, views exactly opposed to our learned historian's. It is a very pleasingly written guide-book, bright with a good-humoured *naïveté*, and manifesting an ease, if not an elegance, of descriptive power which renders its perusal highly attractive. Its statements may very possibly be over-coloured—but they bear every appearance of being penned in sincerity, and as such we should intrust ourselves to their unpretending guidance more readily, than to the pompous specialities of the Historian of Texas.

*Julian; or, Scenes in Judea.* By the author of Letters from Palmyra and Rome. 2 vols. New York, Francis & London, Wiley & Putman.

In our 561st number we gave an account of the Letters from Palmyra, which, in its general outline, would serve as a description of the two works subsequently published by the author. Selecting some interesting period of history, he follows the desultory, but really connected chain of events in the reports of an imaginary spectator, not too deeply interested in their issue to be biased by the feelings of party. He has no plot to unravel, no mystery to unfold; his aim is, to present the pictures of past times in the colouring which they had when viewed by contemporaries, and thus at once to record the events and the impressions they produced on those by whom they were actually witnessed. The Letters from Palmyra, and the Letters from Rome, were successful in their fidelity to history and adherence to probability; but in the present volumes, the author has ventured on more dangerous ground—he has attempted to pourtray the effect produced on the minds of the Jews, by the preaching of John the Baptist and the miracles of Jesus.

It is unnecessary here to state the grave objections which might be urged against the exhibition of Christian history in the form of a romance: and yet many eminent divines have expressed their anxiety to obtain a popular statement of the evidences of Christianity as they appeared to contemporaries, infidels as well as believers. Such a work we should deem far more likely to prove dangerous than useful; it would require that the objections of unbelievers should be set forth with the same integrity as the arguments of converts; and thus doubts might be suggested to minds where none previously existed, or incidents of awful importance degraded by ludicrous associations. For instance, though we read in the Gospels that the Jews reproached Christ as "a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners," we cannot justify our author for connecting this charge with the marriage of Cana, and introducing a Jew describing the miraculous conversion of the water into wine, as a direct incentive to intemperance. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge

once issued a Jewish tale (Sadoc and Miriam), constructed on the same principle as that before us, but the directors soon discovered the error they had committed, and, we believe, suppressed the publication.

Having fairly stated the greatest objection that can be urged against this work, we must in justice admit, that it possesses considerable merit as a picture of social life in Palestine at the commencement of the Christian era; if read with caution, and in a spirit of reverence for the subjects discussed, it may afford both pleasure and profit to the Biblical student. The characters portrayed are such as must have existed at the time; the costume, scenery, and topographical details are scrupulously accurate, and there is no one of the imaginary incidents irreconcilable with authentic history.

The outlines of the story may be briefly told. Julian, a young Roman Jew, visits Asia to make acquaintance with his mother's family, then residing beyond the Jordan. He finds the Jews in a state of great excitement, as there was a general belief that the time predicted for the advent of the Messiah had arrived; a large party, misled by the expectation of a temporal prince, looked to Herod Antipas as the promised deliverer; that crafty ruler encouraged a delusion so favourable to his ambition. He had entered into a treaty with Sejanus for raising simultaneous insurrections against Tiberius in the Eastern and Western provinces of the Empire, but just as he was on the point of making an appeal to the people, he finds public attention diverted from him, by the preaching of John the Baptist. Soon after, the entrance of Christ on his ministry compels Herod to adjourn the execution of his plans to a more favourable season, but, in the mean time, the overthrow of Sejanus puts an end to his hopes for ever. Julian, introduced by his uncle to the councils of Herod, becomes one of that monarch's agents, and the work mainly consists of the letters he is supposed to send to his mother, at Rome, recording the events that passed around him. At the conclusion of the volumes, Julian remains a Jew; but a hint is given, that the history of his conversion may form the subject of a continuation.

In his first letter, Julian details, very naturally, the feelings with which the treatment of the Jews in Rome was likely to inspire a young Jew, having claims to rank as a man of wealth and fashion:—

"You say that in Rome I mix freely with the Roman youth, that I sit at their tables and they at mine, that I join them at the games, and in every amusement of our city life. It is true; yet still I am a Jew. I am beloved of many because I am Julian; yet by the very same am I abhorred because I am a Jew. The Roman beggar who takes my gold,—for gold is gold,—begs pardon of the gods, and as he turns the corner scours the coin upon the sand. Yet, my mother, I see not why one people should thus proscribe another; nor do I look upon the wrong but with indignation. You justly accuse me with indifference to the religion of my fathers. But I have never beheld with patience the slights, insults, and oppressions which, by the stronger, have been heaped upon the weaker; nor, truly, when I reflect, can I see why the worship of a people should be charged upon them as a crime. It is these injuries which have roused within me, at times, the Jew—however for the most part in my search after pleasure, I have been too ready to forget all but what ministered directly to that end."

On landing at Cesarea, Julian finds the city distracted by the dissensions of the Jews and Greeks, whom Herod had brought thither indiscriminately, to people his new metropolis. Pontius Pilate, then governor of Palestine, has been bribed by the Greeks to demolish the principal synagogue. The Sabbath is chosen for the work of desecration. The Jews resist, but are on the

point of being finally routed, when a body of horsemen appears, and turns the tide in their favour. The leader of the horsemen who appeared so timely proves to be Onias, the maternal uncle of Julian. The young adventurer, after escaping many dangers, accompanies his uncle to Beth-Harem, beyond the Jordan, and, on the road, hears the first rumours of the appearance of John the Baptist. The reporter is a chattering, mercenary inn-keeper:—

"Hast thou heard the news here on the Jordan, Onias? If we now bestir ourselves we may do greater things than they in Cesarea."—"What mean you?" said my uncle.—"I speak," said Jael, "of John of Hebron, who hath taken pains to travel beyond the Jordan, and up and down in that region, some say, stirring up the people, but others only preaching. But who can stir the people more than he who preaches? The ears of the council or of Herod I trust will be open to take note of him."—"But what mean you?" said Onias, "and of whom do you speak? Jest not after thy fashion."—"I speak truly but what I hear," replied Jael, "and jest not. I have not seen this wanderer myself; but have heard somewhat from every one who hath come from beyond Jordan. Some even hold him a prophet; but it were nearer a truth, I doubt not, to hold him possessed of a devil. Prophets do not grow on every bush."

Judith, the daughter of Onias, is introduced to us as a person prepared for the reception of Christianity, which she early embraces. Her character is drawn in a few vigorous touches:—

"Judith, though her reverence for the law is great, and though she reads diligently the prophets, and observes their precepts, and performs the required rites, is yet secretly sad and unsatisfied. So much have I gathered, not from any set disclosure she hath made of her thoughts, but rather from the language of her countenance, from words that have dropped from her mouth, and yet more from what she hath not said when certain subjects have formed the matter of discourse. With the rest of the people she is anxiously dwelling on what the future shall reveal, but, differing from them, her hopes are of some one, who shall prove himself to be a reformer of the manners of her nation, as much and as well as the subduer of her enemies. She thinks that the medicine needed is partly that which shall purge the heart. So that when she speaks of the Messiah, it is as a prophet and a priest that she delights chiefly to regard him. She asks for a teacher and a guide, who shall lead her further into a knowledge of God and of things invisible, than she can now penetrate."

Onias proves to be the leader of the party formed to raise Herod to the crown; he sends Julian to consult with the Tetrarch in his fortified capital, Machærus, which is described with great spirit. Julian finds Herod much alarmed at the progress made by John the Baptist in the affections of the people, especially as the prophet had denounced the unpolitic crime of the Tetrarch, his divorcing of his own wife (daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia) and his proposed union with Herodias, the wife of his brother Philip. Julian remonstrates with Herod on the same subject, and is treated as an intrusive censor. His zeal for the deliverance of his country prevents him from abandoning the cause in which he was engaged, but his attachment to Herod is abated, and he eagerly looks for the appearance of the mysterious person whom John had announced as about "to come after him, and be preferred before him." On his return to Beth-Harem, he finds every one engaged in discussing the miraculous circumstances of Christ's baptism at Bethabara:—

"In all parts of the Market Place, and in the neighbourhood of the synagogue from which those were just coming, who—as with us—had been present at the morning prayers, I found the same topics in the mouths of all. None, so far as I could learn, save a few violent as Zadok, were disposed to deny the reality of the voice and the heavenly light at the Baptism of Jesus; and few, putting together with that, what was now generally received, that Jesus is the same whose birth was marked by the like prodig-

gies many years ago, hesitate to believe that he is indeed the promised and expected Deliverer. Many are so wrought upon, that language does not suffice to convey their confident belief, but they give expression to it by loud and passionate cries, by gestures, and by a countenance which in every feature utters the sentiments of the heart. The children in the streets have also caught the joy from the elders, and cry out in their shrill voices, 'Christ is come! Christ is come!' His concealment since the baptism they explain some one way and some another, but it hinders not the current of their joy. They doubt not he will soon reappear and show himself more fully."

Before Julian was able to form a satisfactory estimate of the claims of Jesus, he is obliged to return to Rome, as a confidential messenger from Herod to Sejanus, and a part of the work consists of letters addressed to him by the believing Judith and the sceptical Onias. In one of the letters of Onias, the author has fallen into a very common error, which a little mars the consistency of his narrative:—

"Were Jesus the Christ, why when we have urged him to do so hath he steadfastly refused to give a sign, which we could not doubt, that he was so—a sign in the heavens, or in enterprises he should set on foot, or in those demonstrations of kingly rank and power to which not one would refuse his faith?"

A reference to the Greek Testament will show that the Jews demanded, not "a sign," for then every miracle wrought would have been an answer to the requisition; what they really asked was, "THE sign," namely, his appearance in the clouds of heaven, which was, and is, in Jewish belief, the only sure test of the coming of the Messiah. The withholding of this sign, which the Rabbis had declared, with one voice, to be essential, according to their interpretation of Daniel, would have better explained the scepticism of Onias, and the doubts that sometimes shaded the mind of the pious Judith, than the cautes assigned by the author. Judith's single doubt is expressed with great simplicity:—

"It concerns the imprisonment of John the Baptist, who since the month preceding the Feast of Tabernacles, has now lain in the dungeons of Machærus. We learned from this disciple, that though Jesus had often been importuned by the disciples of John, and by his own, to interpose and deliver him, for it was feared, that Herod, set on by Herodias, would destroy him, he would not comply with any such request; and that though John himself had sent messengers to him asking, if he were really the promised Messiah, thereby conveying the knowledge that himself was in prison, and expressing his astonishment, that if Jesus were that great person, he would do nothing for his release, yet neither would he take any notice of such messages, but was willing to leave the Baptist still in prison and at the mercy of the king. This conduct of Jesus, we were told, had filled all his followers with surprise; inasmuch as they, knowing the powers of Jesus, were persuaded that if he had chosen to exert them, it would have been but the work of a moment to effect his deliverance. They could not understand why one so virtuous as John, and who had in the beginning given his testimony so fully in behalf of Jesus, should not in return experience benefits at the hands of Jesus which it would be so easy to confer."

Onias, soon after, communicates to Julian intelligence of the murder of John the Baptist, and invites him to visit Palestine. Julian obeys; he finds Judith a believing disciple, and she thus states the ground of her faith:—

"After what I have beheld of the powers of Jesus, and have heard of his doctrine, I believe in him, for even as I believe in God. The works of God, the heavens with their hosts declare him their maker and supporter: and so also the works of Jesus declare him to be of God, clothed with so much of a divine power as is needful to do such things. And when such an one proclaims himself, whether plainly or obscurely to be the Christ, shall not his declaration be received? I know not how to refuse it. Would it not be to say that God can speak falsely?"

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"Moun from the v the hill on ing pale the city frequent t ness and l ever behel and dwell the thous struck the standing, hills, whose token of a held nothing the grey r rocks the the other however, thickly in vineyards sides. Al along up pointed to who had, the events to the gat directions horse and kind were converted purple h through w harness, o horse as t

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Onias and his family go up to the Passover, the concluding scene of Christ's ministry on earth. Julian accompanies them, and his first view of Jerusalem is a happy specimen of the author's power of painting in words:—

"Mount Moriah crowned with its Temple rising from the vast supporting walls that form a part of the hill on which it stands, Mount Zion with its shining palaces, Acra and Buzetha, the heavy walls of the city girding it about, with their gate-ways and frequent towers—all lay before me, a vision of greatness and beauty not surpassed by any other I had ever beheld. The vast assemblage of temple, palace, and dwelling, with the swarming populace and all the thousand signs of overflowing and active life, struck the mind the more impressively too from standing, as it all did, in the midst of surrounding hills, whose bare and rugged tops and sides gave no token of aught but sterility and death. The eye beheld nothing upon them but flocks of sheep among the grey rocks, hardly to be distinguished from the rocks themselves, and so only adding one more to the other features of desolation. Another scene was, however, presented by fertile valleys at their feet thickly inhabited, their olive orchards, and their vineyards creeping a little way up the barren hill-sides. At the roots of the hill we were upon, and all along upon the banks of the Kedron, the white, pointed tents of strangers and travellers were visible, who had, like ourselves, come thus early to witness the events that should ensue, while the roads leading to the gates of the city, and crossing the plains in all directions, were filled with crowds of those who on horse and on foot or in vehicles of every various kind were arriving or departing. Clouds of dust, converted by the rays of the setting sun to a gaudy purple hue, rose and hovered over the whole scene, through which glittered the shining points of polished harness, or the steel trappings of troops of Roman horse as they stooped swiftly along."

The scenes of Passion Week are hurried over in a few pages. The author rejects the theory that Judas betrayed Christ, not for the paltry bribe, but in the hope that the appearance of force would induce him to proclaim himself king, and overthrow his enemies by the united powers of earth and heaven; this, which we believe to be the true account,\* might have given a wider scope to the author's imaginary narrative.

The letters terminate with an obscure intimation of the Resurrection, but the author indirectly promises that his work will be continued. Should he persevere in the design, we take leave to recommend him not to be content with second-hand information, but to consult the original authorities, which he has too frequently neglected in the present volumes.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The School for Wives*, by the Authoress of 'Temptation,' 3 vols.—Well meant, well felt, and well written—here is a novel which, twenty years ago, would have made fair eyes "cry quarts" (as Horace Walpole phrased it), and severe heads of families relax their wholesale ban against the admission of works of fiction. It is a tale of self-sacrifice. The heroine, one of many sisters, is the first to be blessed with a matrimonial prospect, and the first to be cheated of its accomplishment. From this time forth, during a long series of years and adventures, she plays the part, so often played by woman, (for man's relief, but to man's shame,) of a Sister of Charity; comforting the sick, teaching the rebellious, softening the stubborn, carrying with her blessings wherever she moves. The authoress might well be enamoured of so much unobtrusive virtue as Susan's. This she rewards, however, in the old-fashioned way. The heroine is all but let to die of re-acton, after much overstrained exertion: when she is restored to life, health, and happiness—nay, and second youth too, for novelists know Medea's trick—by a husband who is fished out for her benefit at the close of the third volume. Need we, once again, point out how serious a mistake is committed by the donors of all such fairy gifts? The characters grouped

round the heroine are sustained with spirit. Mrs. Vyner Wrangham, the miser, though perhaps, caricatured, is the best of the company. Florence, too, the ill-tempered beauty, is well conceived: the reform, however, is too complete. Such a thorough serpent could never have been transformed into such a dove.

*Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune*, by W. H. Maxwell.—Not the worst work of its author: and put forth, possibly, by way of pilot to the monthly publication, which he announces in emulation of Dickens, and Lever, and Lover. Taking the old form of tales narrated by a party of storm-bound travellers, we have the 'Outcast,' a grisly story of a career begun in Peninsular rapine, and ended in the (thanks to Mr. Warburton) extinct profession of Burking. 'The Unknown,' and 'My First Steeple Chase,' come next; then 'The Deceased Pluralist,' the supposititious diary of a Protestant clergyman "done to death" by Whig neglect,—the 'Tour not Sentimental,' with some fun in it, including the adventures of the dashing Macdermott; and the volume is made up by two sketches, of different humour, 'The Condemned Soldier,' and 'Leaves from a Game Book.' The writer has a strong party bias, and some of his characters and tales are tricked out in such flaming orange colours as to offend the eye of Englishmen: but these drawbacks allowed for, the work is entitled to take a respectable place among the ephemera of the day.

*The Works of William Jay*, collected and revised by himself. Vol. I.—Mr. Jay's works have held a high place in the estimation of the religious world for more than the average duration of human life; large editions of them have been sold in England and America; they have not only been perused in the closet and the domestic circle, but have frequently and avowedly been read from the pulpit by ministers of denominations different from that of the author:—under such circumstances they are removed beyond the pale of praise or censure; and we have only to say, that the form in which they now appear is neat and convenient.

*The History of the Fairchild Family*, by Mrs. Sherwood. Part 2.—*The Crofton Boys*, by Harriet Martineau.—These books for children serve as fair representatives of two opposite systems, by which virtuous aspirations of heart, and moral principles of conduct, are inculcated. Mrs. Sherwood holds with the Whackbairns and Lovechills, who had faith in the terrors of birch, and in the rewards of cake and currant jelly, as efficacious in wheedling children into goodness—the very essence of which is self-denial! Waiving the question of encouragement and reproof as approached from the *nether end* of the subject—these confusions of the affections with the appetite, of the heart with the stomach, seem to us among that portion of the wisdom of our ancestors which had better be forgotten than adopted. Notwithstanding these faults, this book of Mrs. Sherwood's has life, heart, and reality. We need scarcely say, that Miss Martineau's is of a higher order. It is the best of her books for children: unhappily, also, the last for the present; since her preface announces, that increasing indisposition compels her to cease from this labour of love. This circumstance of authorship has given to the story a truth and impressiveness, which we hardly know how sufficiently to praise. The tale is one of forbearance under trial, and brave endurance of pain; and the workings not merely of a child's, but also of a school-boy's heart,—that old jumble of enterprise and shyness, warm affections and rough manners,—have never been better, rarely so well displayed. Miss Martineau's stories possess, all of them, a strong interest: in this, that interest is less checked by her characteristic peculiarities of dialogue, than in any previous work. Children of all ages, not less than grown-up persons of every shade of political and religious opinion, must unite in the wish, that a mind so benevolent and sincere, and a pen so truth-telling, may be soon restored to literature.

*List of New Books*—Edwards's Accented Eton Latin Grammar, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. lettered.—The Surveyor, Engineer, and Architect, by Robert Mudie, Vol. II. for 1841, with plates, 4to. 13s. 6d. cl.—Hydropathy, or the Cold Water Cure, by R. T. Claridge, 8vo. 5s. swd.—Miss Burney's Diary, Vol. I. small 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—An Essay on Diabetes, by H. Bell, translated by A. Markwick,

12mo. 4s. cl.—Shakespeare's Poems, Imperial 8vo. 9s. cl. (Knight's)—Shakespeare, Library Edition, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. cl. (Knight's)—Readings in Poetry; a Selection from the English Poets, (King's College edition), 12mo. 4s. sheep.—Brockedon's Views of Italy, Part I. royal 4to. 5s. swd.—Bourn's Clergyman's Almanac and Irish Ecclesiastical Directory for 1842, 12mo. 2s. swd.—Malte-Brun and Balbi's Geography, 8vo. 30s. cl.—Cherry on Shoeing Horses, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Taylor's History of Scotland, Vol. VI. post 8vo. 6s. cl.—Nicholas Carlisle's Orders of Knighthood, imp. 8vo. 9s. cl.—Tait on Magdalenism, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 6s. cl.—Markland's Remarks on English Churches, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Arnold's (the Rev. T. K.) Introduction to Greek Accidence, new edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Guy's Parent's First Catechism of Useful Knowledge, new edit. 18mo. 9d. swd.—Sketches of Sermons for Special Occasions, by a Dissenting Minister, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—A Biblical and Theological Dictionary, by S. Green Walworth, new edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Captain Barclay's Agricultural Tour in the United States, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Rotteck's History of the World, 4 vols. 8vo. 40s. cl.—Jean's Trigonometry, Part I. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Alan's Clero do Officio, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Carrington's Plymouth Guide, new edit. 18mo. 5s. cl.—Derrington's (the Rev. C. E. J.) Sermons, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Newman's (the Rev. J. H.) Sermons, Vol. V. 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Galloway's View of the Glaciated, royal 18mo. 5s. cl.—Galloway's Philosophy and Religion, revised edition, 8vo. 12s. cl.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

WE announced last week that a Society was about to be formed for the promotion of improvements in the Metropolis. We were not at the time aware that a preliminary meeting was to be held that very evening at the offices of Mr. Lindley, Adelphi Terrace. We have now the pleasure to state, that such meeting was held, and, numerously and respectfully attended—many distinguished artists, merchants, scientific and literary men being present. The subject was ably and fully discussed. It was distinctly stated, that the Society neither meant to propose nor support any particular plan, but simply to enforce on the Government the necessity of employing qualified persons to prepare one, thus at once getting rid of all isolated projects, local jobbing, special and personal interests, and letting the question rest on the broad basis of principle and utility. The public must understand that this is not a question of mere decoration—but, as was ably shown by Mr. Hickson, in some instances, of life and death. If the fevered mechanic, now stifled in our densely-peopled districts, cannot get out to the fresh air, the fresh air must be brought in to him. It is a fact, shown by the returns of the Register-General, that while the mean annual mortality in England is one in forty-five, the mortality of the Whitechapel district, owing to its over-crowded state and defective drainage, is one in twenty-eight! Mr. Hickson, too, further observed, by way of encouragement, that—"he believed it would be found far more easy to raise funds for a comparatively costly plan of general improvement than a tenth part of the same sum for any one of the local projects, which had been set on foot. The one would have public support, the other can only have the support of a section. The public also looked with suspicion (though often unjustly) upon local projects as originating in jobbing motives. Even in committees of the House of Commons, there had always been divided interests. A small sum of money had been raised by a tax on coals, and metropolitan members had scrambled for it, each wanting it and much more for his constituents. From similar motives, rival surveyors came forward to depreciate each other's plans, that their own might have the preference. Government should be urged to put an end to this undignified course. All should unite in some general plan for consulting the interests of all. Government ought to look forward perhaps ten years, and employ fit and competent persons to report upon the improvements most needed, and which might be carried into effect within that period. One act of Parliament should then be passed for the whole, and if the plan were popular, as he had no doubt it would be, and if the expenditure were somewhat equally divided between different districts, a landlord's tax of 3d. or 6d. in the pound might perhaps easily be raised; 3d. in the pound on the rental of London would alone produce nearly 100,000l. per annum." The views, indeed, of all present were so liberal and so reasonable, that we cannot but hope and believe that the Society will ultimately work out the accomplishment of its great object; and that Government itself will rejoice at being thus relieved, by public opinion, from the endless persecution of petty local and personal interests.

\* See Hinds' History of Christianity, Vol. II.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Berlin, January 20, 1842.

Liszt has enchanted the Berlin public by six concerts, all the tickets for which were sold within a few hours after the programme appeared. The hall of the Sing-Academie in which this prince of the piano earns his triumphs, and reaps a golden harvest, has also been appropriated lately to the public lectures of the Scientific Association (Wissenschaftlicher Verein), a sort of learned society, formed by the exertions of Professors von Raumer and Lichtenstein, and including almost all the talent of this university. The introductory lecture was delivered by von Raumer, on Saturday the 8th, and he was followed by Professor Lichtenstein on the 'Fauna of Southern Africa,' and on Saturday the 15th, Prof. Steffens read a paper on the 'Literature, &c. of Scandinavia,' particularly of Iceland. The animation of the lecturer, a native of Norway, and the fire of his delivery, gave peculiar interest to his discourse. Ritter, Ranke, Ehrenberg and others of universal renown are to follow in due course.

Your review of 'Frederick the Great and his Times' (No. 740), has excited great interest here; and it is curious that the following passage quoted by you, "the Berlin papers the King never read, because they contained nothing but articles copied from the foreign journals," is strictly applicable to the state of the Berlin papers of the present day. Two morning and one evening paper are published here at present, none of which is allowed to have an original article—a leader, as we should call it. The "home news" consists of notices of the endowment of churches and charities, occasionally of reports on the celebration of his Majesty's birthday, or the "dreadful accidents" which happen in the metropolis. If the Berliners wish to know what really takes place within their own city, they are obliged to refer to the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung*, which is very extensively circulated here, and contains almost daily, long articles from Berlin correspondents, some of which are said to be handsomely paid for. Of the two Berlin morning papers, one is the property of Dr. Spiker, superintendent of the Royal Library, and the evening paper *Staatszeitung* is published by, and at the cost of government; the former sells about 8,000 copies a day, and is excellent in its literary department; the latter, which has only 2,000 subscribers, is the official organ, and contains the daily reports of the government appointments, and of the honours of knighthood granted by his Majesty. Above 600 Knights of the Black and Red Eagle, &c. have been created since October 1841!

An edict, regulating the future conduct of the censors, bearing date December 24, 1841, has been published. The tone of this document, in which the censors are desired not to "hinder any serious and modest investigation of the truth—not to subject the authors to unreasonable constraint—not to restrain the free development of the publishing trade," deserves the highest encomiums; and the booksellers were not a little surprised to find this followed by a circular addressed to them under date of December 31, 1841, prohibiting all books which shall in future be published by the firm of Hoffman and Campe, of Hamburg.

Prince Adelbert, of Prussia, nephew to the King, well known to all English naval officers who have visited this court, is preparing to set out for Buenos Ayres, where he is to marry the sister of the Emperor of the Brazils.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

His Majesty the King of Prussia, accompanied by the Baron Alexander von Humboldt, was present on Tuesday last, at a special meeting of the Royal Society, whereupon Sir John Lubbock, Bart., V.P. and Treas., being in the chair, thus addressed His Majesty:—"May it please your Majesty,—It is my duty to express to your Majesty the great regret which we feel, and which we are confident the Marquis of Northampton, the President of this Society, will participate in that, being in a distant country, he is unable to be present upon this auspicious occasion, so interesting to the members, and which will long be gratefully remembered in the history of the Society. In his absence, therefore, I must endeavour, however imperfectly, to express to your Majesty, the great gratification with which the Society will see the august name of your Majesty,

who is venerated as the encourager of art, of literature, and of science, enrolled in our Charter-book in the same page with those of our most gracious and beloved Sovereign and her illustrious Consort; and we beg leave accordingly to present the Charter-book to your Majesty for that purpose." His Majesty then signed his name in the Charter-book, and was duly admitted, and expressed his gratification at having his name enrolled among the Fellows of the Royal Society. Baron von Humboldt, formerly elected a Foreign Member, also signed his name in the Charter-book, and was duly admitted a Fellow. His Majesty subsequently visited the Museums of the Geological Society, of which Society His Majesty had previously been elected a Fellow.

The daily papers also mention that His Majesty having expressed a wish to be introduced to "some of the most distinguished men in the several departments of art and science," the following gentlemen were invited to meet him by Sir Robert Peel:—Mr. Henry Hallam, Mr. Samuel Rogers, Professor Airey, Rev. Dr. Buckland, Sir John Herschel, Mr. E. Landseer, Sir Martin Shee, Sir Richard Westmacott, Sir Robert Smirke, Mr. Charles Barry, Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Mr. William H. Hamilton, Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., Sir Robert Wilson, Sir Howard Douglas, Lord George Cockburn, Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Sir Edward Knatchbull, and Sir Henry Hardinge. Now, respecting literature and literary men, so especially patronized by His Majesty at home, we will be silent—they appear to have been altogether overlooked on the occasion; for it would be too absurd to suppose that Mr. Hallam and Mr. Rogers, honoured as they deserve to be, could pass as the representatives of English literature in all its "several departments." But confining ourselves strictly to the question as stated, and with reference only to art and science, what an odd idea His Majesty must have of the intellectual and social condition of Great Britain—this great mart and manufactory for all the world. Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, were, we admit, fully and worthily represented—but England is not pre-eminent in art; Germany itself has a fame which our utmost exertions can only hope to equal. But there are points of view from which England stands unrivalled and alone. Where is there a nation that has wrought such triumphs in the application of science to practical purposes? a people that have won such conquests over dead matter, that it ministers to their uses like a living sensible agent? Watt, and Davy, and Arkwright, are English names that have gone sounding throughout the world—have they left nothing but a name? not one worthy successor? But, narrowing the question until it sinks into comparative unimportance, who represented our Chemists? and yet we have chemists among us not unknown to Europe—or our Geologists, in which science we took the lead, and have kept it? poor Dr. Buckland must have been overlooked, lest, amidst the many Knights and gentlemen who represented Art, and the many more who represented themselves—or our Botanists and Zoologists? Mechanics, too, and ship-building, dock-building, bridge-building are not unknown among us—indeed, in Civil Engineering generally, it has hitherto been supposed that there were Englishmen of name and fame. Let us hope, then, that His Majesty assumed, as a matter of course, that the Engineer of the Great Western Railway, by which he has so often travelled, and of the Thames Tunnel, which he visited on Wednesday, and the builders of our bridges and docks, and ships, and locomotive engines, which he has so warmly commended, were represented by some one or other of the decorated gentlemen collected by an English minister, to represent "the most distinguished men in the several departments of art and science."

They order these things better in France: there it is admitted that at least we have a literature—and in proof, His Majesty the King of the French has this week, transmitted to Miss Louisa Costello a very handsome *serviette*, in acknowledgment of the pleasure he has received from her tours in the French provinces.

At a late meeting of the Numismatic Society, the President, in the name of a large and influential body of subscribing Members, presented to Mr. Y. Akerman, a copy of Eckhel, bound in morocco, an inkstand, and a set of writing materials, in testimony of

the sense they entertained of his zeal and ability as a numismatist, and his active services as Secretary to the Society.

We learn from the *Gentleman's Magazine* that the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke died on the first of last month, at his vicarage near Ross, in the seventy-second year of his age. Mr. Fosbroke was distinguished as an antiquary and archaeologist, and was a voluminous writer and compiler. His most important work was the 'Encyclopædia of Antiquities.'

A subscription has just been opened by the friends and admirers of the late Mr. Rickman, the architect, for the erection of a monument over his grave, in St. George's churchyard, Birmingham. No man's memory is so well entitled to this testimony of respect from the admirers of Gothic architecture; for no man did more while living, to discover and to make known the principles of the science.

We feel much pleasure in being able to announce the successful accomplishment of a bold enterprise, the commencement of which has been already alluded to in our pages. We gave, in No. 737, a short account of the journeys of Mr. Eyre, an intrepid Australian overlander, and mentioned his intention of reaching the Swan River colony, if possible, overland. We called attention at the same time to the important consequences likely to follow such an achievement. Mr. Eyre's courage and perseverance have been crowned with success. He has now broken a path across the Australian continent from Port Philip to King George's Sound, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles. We are not yet in full possession of the details of his last expedition from Port Lincoln, westwards: we know, however, that he found the country in general sterile, though not utterly inhospitable. His chief dangers arose from his followers, two of whom, natives of Port Philip, taking advantage of his momentary absence, shot his European servant, and ran off with the best fire-arms. Thus betrayed and deserted, Mr. Eyre, with a single native, made his way along the coast till he desisted and hailed, near the Archipelago of the Recherche, a French whaler. From the master of that vessel he experienced the kindest treatment, so that, after recovering from his fatigues, and renewing his stock of provisions, he set forward again, and reached King George's Sound without further casualty.

It would be ungracious to offer a word of objection to so courteous and complimentary a correspondent as Mr. Haig; we shall, therefore, rest content with apologizing for the accidental delay in publishing his letter.

Sir,—I should be very sorry if any extravagance or eccentricity of mine should induce the most honest literary journal I know to promulgate a most dangerous philosophical heresy without clear contradiction. Let me, therefore, state this issue on one passage of the humorous notice you have done me the honour (?) to take of my pamphlet. It is the following:—"In the symbolizing of ideas or things, by words or characters, all is arbitrary" (*that is true*); "and we may as reasonably expect to increase the money in our purses by changing sovereigns into shillings and crowns into sixpences, as to evolve any new truth by the mere translation of one set of terms into another." (*That is not true*); and I say we may expect to evolve new truths by means of the mere translation of one set of terms into another set of terms better adapted to aid the memory. This is, in fact, the whole history of knowledge from Hieroglyphics to the Calculus. I will give my witty reviewer an example in vulgar arithmetic. Let him try to evolve the square root of a Roman numeral—say MDCCLXXIX—without the aid of the Arabian characters. Any schoolboy who has got to *Evolution* can do it in a minute, and thus cut farther than the Romans. And when we have better instruments than ordinary language and the clumsy syllogism, we shall be able to reason better than the Greeks. There are several parts of my hasty pamphlet which I wish altered or removed; but I still believe and hope, that it is a step in the right direction, and an example of its application, with, of course, a translation of that example into ordinary language, to suit such readers as readers in general must be. To them one part is *de trop*.  
Lincoln's Inn, I am, Sir, &c.  
Thursday. J. HAIG.

To keep pace with every movement in the cause of popular musical instruction is, happily, impossible. But we must allude to a circular now before us. In this, after a year's successful trial, the promoters of the Singing Classes for Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses, conducted by Mr. Hullah, (which classes, be it remembered, though they have had the sanction of, have not received pecuniary assistance from Government,) announce the formation of an upper school for the purpose of keeping together those who have already received instruction, and throw themselves upon the sympathy of the friends of art and civilization for means to meet the

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expenses which must necessarily be incurred in carrying out this undertaking, and in extending it among the working classes. In proof that the appeal is in accordance with the wants of the people, the facts may be stated, from the Report, that, "about one thousand persons, of both sexes, and of all ages, but chiefly of the poorer classes of society," have been personally conducted by Mr. Hullah through the first course of the Wilhem method during the year 1841; that "about four hundred adults have formed themselves into upper schools under his direction; and that about three thousand persons also are at present in training under the direction of his assistants, with his occasional superintendence;" to say nothing of fresh ground being broken every day in the provinces, as circumstances direct. These facts should not speak in vain. But a louder voice, if report be true, will be heard in the course of the spring, when it is said to be the intention of Mr. Hullah to give the public an opportunity of hearing some thousand of his pupils in Exeter Hall. In the meantime, this love of part-singing is making itself felt on every side. To say nothing of what the Professional Choral Society may have in preparation, we never enter a theatre, or read a line of dramatic criticism, without being reminded of the change which has come over our affairs. Even in the Adelphi version of Halévy's 'La Reine de Chypre,' where the music is professedly left out, a couple of carefully executed choruses have their part in its success, as well as the "superb scenic effects," brought by Mr. Yates from Paris, or the horse, which, as children say, "came out of his own head;"—while, at Covent Garden, Mr. Tully's admirably drilled chorists,—and, at Drury Lane, those under Mr. Cooke, divide, and are to divide honours with the principal singers. A harder death-blow to the "star system," which bade fair to destroy all concerts, could scarcely be struck. A voice, figuratively to speak, of twenty tuneful and delicate singers, is the most formidable rival which a *roulade*, he it ever so interminable, or a shake, were it the nightingale's own, can encounter. So, too, the gorgeous concerted music of the great masters, comparatively untouched in this country (for what do we know of Palestrina?—what of Sebastian Bach?—what, in the theatre, of Gluck, and Cherubini, and Spontini?) will do its part in putting out of fashion foolish foreign exhibitions of vocalism, or home-made ballads, so sweet that, all meaning of words and all musical forms and contours—

Die, like a rose, in aromatic pain.

The scheme of the Second Concert of the Paris *Conservatoire* comprised a symphony by Haydn—Beethoven's symphony in a flat, a vocal chorus said to be of the sixteenth century, 'Laudi Spirituali'—an excerpt from the 'Davide Penitente' of Mozart (which, by the way, we would recommend to all and sundry of our choralsists)—and a clarinet concerto, by M. Cavallini, one of those migratory birds, we imagine, who may be expected to come hither when the Parisian season is over. Another visitor, on his way, is M. Hindli, a *contrabasso solo*. Were he a second Dragonetti, which the papers declare him to be, we could hardly covet his acquaintance. A dance of elephants may be a curious feat, but it is one that few lovers of dancing would desire twice to witness.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS will be OPENED on MONDAY NEXT, the 7th Instant, and continue open DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

#### THE THAMES TUNNEL.

is OPEN daily, (Sunday excepted,) from Nine in the Morning until Six in the Evening, and lighted with Gas. The Entrance at present is on the Surrey side of the River, close to Rotherhithe Church. The Tunnel is now completed to the extent of 1,195 feet. Admission, 1s. each.

NOTICE.—The Tunnel will be shortly closed to the Public, in order to finish the Works.

By order of the Board of Directors,  
Company's Office,  
2, Walbrook Buildings, City,  
12th January, 1842. J. CHARLIER,  
Clerk of the Company.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

Jan. 31.—P. Hardwick, Esq., in the chair.  
A paper 'On the Vaults of the Norwich Cloisters,' by Prof. Willis, of Cambridge, (hon. member,) was read.—The cloisters of Norwich Cathedral were begun in 1297, and not completed until 1430. Its

four ambulatories represent four successive styles, the contrast in the details being rendered more conspicuous by the uniformity of the general design, which has been so much respected during the progress of the whole work, that even the isolated shafts, which form the proper mullions of the windows of the thirteenth century, have been continued throughout, contrary to the usual practice of the Middle Ages. The vaultings are similar in the general plan and dimensions on the four sides, but each is distinctly marked with the mode of treatment employed in successive periods, and it is to the progressive variations in the form of the spandril, exhibiting a gradual transition from a square section to a semicircular one, that the paper chiefly referred. In the oldest portion of the work, the eastern compartments, the horizontal section of the spandril, taken about half way between the plane of the impost and the crown of the arch, is perfectly square, and this form is more strongly developed—exaggerated, it may be said—by a slight setting back of the ribs between the cross springers and the diagonals, which gives greater prominence and a more marked expression to the angle of the spandril. In the south walk, the next in chronological order, the intermediate ribs, instead of being set back, are brought slightly in advance of the other ribs. The effect of this arrangement is to give a polygonal character to the spandril, which is, in fact, still square in its general form. In the west walk, the polygonal character is fully developed, and the square abandoned, but the angles of the polygon are far from being equal. In the western walk, the latest portion of the work, four centred arches are introduced, and the curves of the haunches being all alike, and the middle section of the spandril circular, the polygon formed by the front edges of the ribs is equiangular, as in fan vaulting. These effects, continued the Professor, may be confirmed by the comparison of contemporary examples, but it rarely happens that they can be found in a series, and in a work of which the uniformity of design is for the most part preserved; so that changes of this kind are rather to be regarded in the light of embellishment, or as the modern improvements of the day added to the original design. Thus it is, that in this respect the cloister of Norwich is so valuable, by enabling us to discover many of those improvements which it is more difficult to pick out of examples complete in the character of their own age. The essay was accompanied by numerous sections, and a table laying down the exact curvature and arrangement of the vaults: all the curves are found, in conformity with all that has hitherto been observed on the vaultings of the Middle Ages, to be segments of circles, and not ellipses formed by projection, according to modern practice, which has, therefore, erred widely in the character of Gothic vaulting. This paper forms a sequel to that on the Vaulting of the Middle Ages in general, read by Prof. Willis, at the Institute, on the 5th of July, 1841. (See *Athen.* No. 717.)

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 1.—A Memoir of the late Capt. Huddart, by Mr. William Cotton, was read.—The memoir commenced with the early part of Huddart's life, when, although obliged to work as a shoemaker, or tending cattle, and subsequently serving on board a herring fishing-boat, his mind was bent on scientific research and mechanical pursuits. It traced his career onward, through many difficulties, to the construction (chiefly with his own hands) of a trading vessel, of which he took the command, and made several voyages to America. Thence his transfer to the East India Company's service, in which he amassed an adequate fortune; and his connexion with the Trinity House and the London and the East India Docks, in all which situations his knowledge and perseverance rendered him eminently useful. An account was then given of his inventions in the manufacture of cordage, by which cables of the largest dimensions for men-of-war, and ropes, such as that for the London and Birmingham Railway, of 2,500 fathoms, have been laid up with the utmost uniformity, and upon a principle by which the strength of the cable was nearly doubled. The machinery (which was illustrated by drawings by Mr. E. Birch,) was fully described: and in the conversation which ensued, Sir James South eulogized the attainments of Huddart as an astronomer and mathematician, and gave

an account of the construction of the celebrated Equatorial Instrument, which was made by Luke Howard & Co., from the design and under the daily superintendence of Huddart, who even carried his devotion to the cause so far, as to put the principal parts together with his own hands. This instrument Sir James declared to be the best ever executed, and that no material improvement had yet been suggested in the system of construction or of execution in more modern instruments.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 26.—Prof. Owen, President, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. John Quekett, 'On the Presence, in the Northern Seas, of Infusorial Animals, analogous to those occurring in a Fossil State at Richmond in America.' After alluding to the discoveries of Prof. Ehrenberg in this department of science, the author proceeded to mention a stratum of fossil animalcules twenty feet thick, recently detected by Prof. Rogers, underlying the city of Richmond in America: it contains beautiful specimens of Naviculae, Actinocyclus, Gallionella, &c. &c.; but the most remarkable form is a circular disc, with markings very similar to those on the back of an engine-turned watch. On examining the sandy matter which had been washed from some Zoophytes brought home in spirit by the Northern Expedition under Capt. Parry, in 1822, the author detected more than six animalcules in it, precisely analogous to those occurring as fossils in the Richmond sand, and amongst these the engine-turned discs; these last occur in the fossil state singly, very rarely in pairs, and some doubts have arisen as to their correct nature; but the investigations of the author have led him to consider them as a species of bivalve, and many, both with and without markings, are to be found in the recent state, inclosing granular matter between their valves. The smallest specimens were often seen to be adherent to fragments of seaweed by a small stem or pedicle. The paper was accompanied with specimens of the animalcules, and with illustrative diagrams.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- SAT. Asiatic Society, 2 o'clock, P.M.
- Westminster Medical Society, 8.
- MON. Entomological Society, 8.
- TUES. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'On the Port of London,' by Mr. Richardson.—'On the Bridge over the Serchio, near Lucca,' by Mr. Townshend.—'Description of a Welch Iron-work,' by Mr. Hardie.—'On the Mode of obtaining Solid Foundations for Bridges, &c. in Sandy Soil in India,' by Captain Goodwyn.—'Description of Chelsea Meadow Sluice,' by Mr. Budd.
- Zoological Society, 4 p. 8.—Scientific Business.
- WED. Medico-Botanical Society, 8.
- Literary Fund, 3.
- College of Physicians, 8.—Gulstonian Lecture.
- THUR. Royal Society, 4 p. 8.
- Royal Society of Literature, 4.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- FRI. Astronomical Society, 3.—Anniversary.
- Royal Institution, 4 p. 8.—'On the Boundary of the Polar Seas,' by Mr. R. King.
- College of Physicians, 8.—Croonian Lecture.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### MADAME CARADORI'ALLAN and MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

MR. JOSEPH HAIGH has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, his Friends, and Pupils that his FIRST GRAND CONCERT will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover-square, on FRIDAY EVENING, March 11th, on which occasion he will be assisted by the above-named eminent artists, and also by other distinguished talent, Vocal and Instrumental. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer; Conductor, Mr. G. F. Harris. Further particulars in future advertisements. Applications for Tickets to be made to Mr. Joseph Haigh, 32, Bernard-street, Russell-square, and all the principal Music-sellers.

HAYMARKET.—The new comedy, entitled 'Marriage,' resembles a masquerade. Each of the numerous *dramatis personæ* puts forth some pretensions to character, however slender—one utters a catch phrase, another is peevish, a third has a big nose, a fourth a lip, a fifth wears a pigtail, and so on—and the business of all seems to be to display these peculiarities, and utter smart sayings, or unintelligible things intended to be profound and pathetic. But nothing comes of all this; no new traits of human nature, no fresh phasis of society, nor scarcely any true portraits of men and manners are exhibited. The old stage conventions are reproduced, as with another turn of the theatrical kaleidoscope—here a reminiscence of the 'School for Scandal,' there a glimpse of 'Money'—but without the dexterity of a practised hand. Such collocations of scenes and dialogue may amuse play-going folks harmlessly—though the moral

sentiment of 'Marriage' is of a somewhat debased kind; but they scarcely deserve to be classed as dramas; being not so much emanations of mind, as efforts of ingenious craftsmen to vary an established formula of entertainment. The most strongly marked character, *Baldwin*, is a ruined gambler, who having beggared and deserted his ward *Clara*, attempts to sacrifice the girl he had ruined and deceived by making her charms a snare to seduce *Sir Harry Fivid* from his allegiance to *Miss Adelaide Temple*, for whose person and fortune *Baldwin* has conceived a sudden passion. This *Baldwin* is the sentimental character of the play, intended to enlist the sympathies of the audience, and to whose share most of the fine speeches fall; when his scheme is defeated and his villainies unmasked, the rascal naturally exclaims 'I am lost!' No such thing, says *Sir Harry*, the fashionable gallant and legislator—your reputation is 'only tarnished;' after a while 'you will pass current through society at your original value'—an equivocal consolation, perhaps, but not the less indicative of the moral tone of the play; for *Miss Temple* and *Clara* are no less forgiving. Some smart repartees and strokes of satire relieve the voluminous dialogue; but no wholesome or vigorous corrective is applied to the vices and follies of the time.

The acting is generally adequate to the requirements of the piece, with the exception of Mr. Stuart, who failed in giving the due melo-dramatic effect to the sentimental *Baldwin*. Mr. Wallack as *Sir Harry Fivid*, and Mrs. Charles Pettingall as *Miss Temple*, are vivacious enough for the rake and coquette; Mr. Webster as *Dronk*, a vulgar, brutal scoundrel; and Wrench as the *Hon. Cavendish Pause*, a younger brother, who disparages everything by the qualifying sentence 'such as it is,' are the most striking personages. Mrs. Edwin Yarnold made *Clara* really interesting by the simple earnestness with which she related her sad history: though the pathos of her narration, coupled with her degraded position, implies a deeper injury than she professes to have suffered. 'Marriage' is put on the stage in a handsome style, and considering the recent secessions from the Haymarket company, the cast of parts is better than might have been expected. With unsparing curtailment, the comedy, which occupied four hours in the first representation, may have a run; but it will hardly add to the literary reputation of its author, Mr. Robert Bell.

**DRURY LANE.**—An adaptation of a pretty French interlude, called 'The Windmill,' gives Mr. and Mrs. Keeley the opportunity of personating a loving pair, who have some difficulty in making each other understand the nature of their mutual feelings; hence the amusement of the piece, which is a pleasant admixture of the touching and diverting. The acting is exquisite on both sides, but Keeley, as the honest tender-hearted, and bat-eyed little miller, who has loved his pretty young mistress so well and so long, but never dreams of her loving him, has the best character to play, and inimitably he plays it.

The revival of that very uncomfortable melo-drama, 'The Point of Honour,' is only remarkable as connected with the sudden illness of Miss Helen Faucit, who was to have made her first appearance in the part of the heroine, which was played by Miss Ellis, at a moment's notice, very cleverly. The visits of the King Prussia to both the patent theatres, for the purpose of seeing Shakespeare's plays represented on the English stage, have a little interfered with the arrangements of both managements: Handel's 'Acis and Galatea' was put off at Drury Lane till to-night, and Mr. Boucicault's new comedy, 'The Irish Heiress,' announced at Covent Garden, is postponed till Monday.

**French Plays.**—The ST. JAMES'S THEATRE opens on Monday, with the company of French comedians engaged by Mr. Mitchell; the first representation being *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the veteran Perlet personating M. Jourdain; which is to be followed by other of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Molière, in which this inimitable comedian will appear, it is said, for the last time.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Academy of Sciences.**—Jan. 24.—M. Pelouze read a report on a memoir communicated some weeks since to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, by M. Magnus, on the experiments by M. Gay-Lussac and

M. Rudberg to ascertain the dilatation of gas. M. Gay-Lussac had arrived at the conclusion, that what is called 'the arithmetical coefficient' of the number expressing the rate of dilatation, should be expressed by the decimal number .00375. This was on the supposition that the volume of gas was measured under a constant pressure; but M. Rudberg had fixed the same coefficient at .003646, by measuring the gas under a variable pressure. M. Magnus had repeated these experiments, and had arrived at results much nearer those of M. Rudberg than those of M. Gay-Lussac. This he attributed to a defect in mercury, as being unfit for exactly closing the apertures and joints of the vessels receiving the gas, notwithstanding that the use of mercury for these experiments was recommended by M. Biot in his *Traité de Physique*. M. Magnus had experimented on different gases and gaseous fluids, and had found the following coefficients of dilatability: viz., air .003666, hydrogen .003656, carbonic acid .00369, and sulphuric acid .003856. It would appear doubtful whether the dilatability of gas remains always constant, and whether it may not vary under various pressures.—A further communication on the management of silk-worms' eggs in the West Indies was read. It was recommended that a fresh importation of these eggs should be made from Europe every year into the French West India colonies, in order that the facts concerning the growth and development of the insects in those hot climates might be observed upon a larger scale than hitherto. It was also recommended that the ventilation of the worms should be carefully attended to; that they should be kept more than usually clean; and that they should be frequently powdered with slacked lime.—M. Cornay, of Rochefort, addressed a memoir to the Academy, on a new method of classifying birds according to the form of the palatal bone in the mouth. The basis of the classification depended on the coincidence of the form of the anterior palatal bone with that of the skull in birds of the same order; and on the resemblance of these bones one with another in birds of the same or of different orders.

**Nightingales.**—The *Cologne Gazette* mentions that the Prussian Minister of the Interior issued, on the 24th ult., the following strange ordinance in compliance with a petition from the States of the Rhenish provinces:—"After the publication of these presents it is forbidden to catch nightingales, under the penalty of a fine of five thalers, or eight days' imprisonment. Whoever keeps, or wishes to keep in a cage a nightingale brought from abroad, is bound to give information of it within eight days to the police of the place, and to pay, for the benefit of the poor, five thalers yearly. Whoever shall neglect to make this declaration annually, and pay the said tax, shall be liable to pay a fine of five thalers in addition. The taking or destroying a nest of nightingales shall be punished with a fine of ten thalers, or imprisonment for fifteen days."

**Severity of the Winter in Spain.**—In addition to the facts adduced last week, (*ante*, p. 117) it appears from recent letters that at Solsona, in Catalonia, the cold was so intense that all the mills were stopped, and wine, and even brandy, frozen in the bottles. The river was frozen so hard, that persons passed over it on horseback.

**A Public Park at Liverpool.**—The Liverpool papers state, that Mr. R. V. Yates has purchased from the Earl of Sefton forty-three acres in Toxteth Park, two-thirds of which are to be laid out for a park for the use of the public, and the remaining third is to be appropriated to sites for villas. The noble lord receives 1,100*l.* per acre, so that the purchase money for the whole will exceed 47,000*l.* The land is beautifully situate, commanding fine views in every direction.

**Steam Engines in Belgium.**—It is estimated that there are now at work in Belgium 1,300 steam-engines, with a total power of 33,100 horses.—*Galignani.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. R. C.—W. G. J. B.—A Young Chess-player.—C. E. K.—An Englishman, and, we will add, a presumptuous blockhead.—T. J. O.—R. T.—received.—We are obliged to R. D. M. C.

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